

UNIVERSAL  
LIBRARY

**OU\_172431**

UNIVERSAL  
LIBRARY



OUP—881—5-8-74—15,000

**OSMANIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY**

Call No. **821.08** Accession No. **PG12512**

**A 21B**  
Author **Adcock, St. John**

Title **The Bookman Treasury of Lines**

This book should be returned on or before the date last marked below.

**Poets 1927**

---





THE BOOKMAN TREASURY  
OF LIVING POETS

SPECIAL SCHOOL EDITION  
HODDER & STOUGHTON, LTD  
PUBLISHERS TO  
THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON  
PRESS LTD

The  
Bookman  
Treasury of  
Living Poets

Edited by  
St. John Adcock

SCHOOL EDITION

*Part I*

LONDON

1927



## INTRODUCTION

MANY have set out to tell us What is Poetry, but they might as hopefully have attempted to define the kingdom of heaven. Most other words are amenable to the conjuring of the philologist, but he can no more put what the word Poetry means for all of us into a sentence, or into a treatise, than he could decant the seven seas into a pocket-flask. Coleridge's "best words in the best order" probably comes as near as we ever shall come to a definition of its outward form, and that is as much of it as can adequately be defined. The thing itself is all spirit, vision, emotion, and you can only say of it as Tennyson said of the flower—

" If I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is."

It is everywhere and in everything, though none of us has the insight and breadth of sympathy to find it in everything everywhere. It is the light that never was on sea or land, and the homely glow in the cottage window ; the star in the sky, and the fire on the hearth ; the careless laughter of children, and the dreams of the man of business ; the glare of the footlights, and the sacred flame on the altar ; the jewels of the privileged few, and the common coinage that everybody handles ; the romance of remembered yesterdays, and the realities of to-day ; it is life and death, the solid but perishable earth and the intangible eternity ; the heights and the depths are as one to it, and it walks as familiarly in the

## INTRODUCTION

magnificence of kings as in the homespun of peasants or the rags of the beggar. It speaks in "Hamlet," and in "We are Seven"; in Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale," and in Longfellow's "Resignation"; in Shelley's "Adonais," and in Cowper's "Lines on Receiving his Mother's Picture." But there is never an end to such cataloguing—

"When I have done, I have not done,"

but leave still to say infinitely more than I have said.

One star may differ from another in magnitude, but no astronomer would be so arrogant as to deny even the smallest its place in the solar system; and you may depend it is some deficiency of culture, some narrowness of feeling in yourself if you are not sensitive to the poetry of Cowper, for example, or of Pope. Wit and humour are as poetical in essence as are any of the higher moods of the poet. Longfellow, again, who is too often disdained by superior minds because he makes a more general, less intellectual, less subtly imaginative appeal than Donne, is as true a poet in his place as, however far removed from him, is the loftiest of the hierarchy. He seldom rises to the height of great arguments, but he clothes the poetry of common human experience in the ordinary language that is natural to it and gives it most ample expression. That is his art, and you may prove the authenticity of it by trying to translate his simple, heartfelt utterances—"The Two Angels," "The Ladder of Saint Augustine," "Suspira," "Haunted Houses"—into the nobler, richer language of greater poets, and finding how most of the quiet beauty, tenderness, emotion that are the poetry of them is lost in the process. If they are not fine enough for a taste whose very delicacy restricts its capacity for enjoyment, they have given delight to a robuster many whose tastes are equally limited in a different direction, and to æsthetic faculties which are none the less sensitive for being

## INTRODUCTION

less parochial. So you may take it that if Longfellow's popularity means anything, it does not necessarily mean anything more unflattering than did their ancient popularity to the songs of Homer.

For no poetry has been specially written for the learned, or for exceptional persons. Every poet writes for the general public, or he would not complain when it neglects him ; and the greater poets sooner or later make the wider appeal. Like everything else, and all of us, poetry has risen from humble origins. When it was a matter of folk-songs, ballads and story-telling it was not seriously regarded as an art but as a form of entertainment. It was sung or recited at fairs and festivals, in the courtyard and the market-place, and the best and truest of it was also the most popular. Nowadays, when we are more cultured, we collect those unsophisticated old ballads and songs and metrical tales and write learnedly about them, and sometimes try to imitate them, but their magic is a wonder beyond our learning. They have not risen to immortality by splendour of diction or nice perfection of technique, but by the truth and naturalness of thought, feeling and drama that live in their stark simplicity of phrase and are the life and beauty of it.

There are good poets who in theme and manner are too essentially poets of their time to be poets of all time. As they come down the years into a new atmosphere they lose much of the quality and significance that was theirs in a world with whose tastes and ideals they were wholly in harmony. I don't believe Campion's songs are so lovely to us as they were to his contemporaries ; and the great vogue of Cowley will never return to him, because we can never return to the frame of mind and fashion of thought that chimed with his own and so found natural beauty and " the language of his heart " in verses that to our later age seem to have the studied artificiality of a Dutch garden. In the earliest of anthologies—" England's Helicon," " A Paradyse of Dainty

## INTRODUCTION

Devises," and the rest of those delightful Elizabethan miscellanies—there are poems that never would have come down to us at all if they had not been preserved by the anthologists ; they have only escaped being forgotten long ago by the chance that left them embalmed in these collections. But in their own day they were eagerly alive, and they are fragrant still with the poetical spirit of their period ; they belong more wholly to that period than do the enduring lyrics of those greater writers by association with whom they have been withheld from oblivion ; and because they were so intrinsically of their period they help at least toward the more intimate interpretation of it to us, as obsolete costumes do and old letters about local and transitory things.

All these considerations have influenced me in compiling "The Bookman Treasury of Living Poets." If, instead of trying to give it a catholic inclusiveness, I had whittled it down to an exhibition of my individual preferences, rejecting what I know appeals to others though it may not appeal so potently to me, it would have been misleading to offer this as a collection representing the range and variety of work that is being done by the poets who are living to-day in the British Commonwealth of nations. The poetry of our overseas Dominions is less known in these islands than it should be, and here takes its due place in a general anthology of English verse for the first time. I have endeavoured to select something of what seems to me the best that has been done by living poets of every grade and of every different school, so that the book might serve as a sort of poetical cosmography, a reading in which should be a liberal education in the poetry that reflects the thought and moods and manners of contemporary life, as well as in that which still, in our days, draws inspiration from the fields of old romance. No doubt I shall be told I have omitted things I should have included, and included things I should have omitted ; that is inevitable, since



## INTRODUCTION

in matters of taste no two of us are likely to be in complete agreement. Of course there are poems here, as in every such miscellany, that will not please everybody, but so far as my judgment goes there is none that will not please somebody. The only way to know what is poetry is not to read about it but to read it, and such as touches you and answers to your own needs is the real thing so far as you are concerned, and whether it has the approval of few or many others should be a matter of indifference to you. No definition being possible, if you want any guide at all as to what is poetry, you can have nothing better than old Samuel Daniel's wisely comprehensive assertion that "whatsoever force of words doth move, delight, and sway the affections of men, in what Scythian sort soever it be disposed or uttered: that is true number, measure, eloquence, and the perfection of speech." I confess I am of his faith, and have applied his touchstone in this matter.

One or two poets are not so fully represented here as they would have been if copyright difficulties had not restrained me; and I regret that at least two are absent, their omission being discovered too late for remedy.

I have to thank the authors and publishers mentioned in the list of Contents for very kindly giving me permission to reprint the poems in this volume;—immediately after the names of all poems in the Contents are the titles of the books from which they are taken and the names of their publishers; or the names of periodicals that have kindly given permission for the reproduction of some that have not appeared in book form. Where no such indication appears, the poem is still in manuscript, and the author has allowed me to print it before it appears in a book of his own.

ST. J. A.

## PREFATORY NOTE TO SCHOOL EDITION

THE chief virtue of every Anthology lies in its educational value. It cannot, at its best, pretend to be a concise substitute for the literature of any period, of any kind, or even of any one author; but fulfils its proper function if it is so compiled that it interests and gives pleasure to the reader and serves him, at need, as a useful introduction to the particular class of literature or phase in literary development with which it is concerned. It has been the aim of "The Bookman Treasury of Living Poets" to offer the student of poetry such an introduction to the work, in every variety, that is being done by poets of to-day in all parts of the British Empire; and a general recognition that it fulfils this purpose more amply than does any other existing anthology has led to its re-issue in the present edition.

ST. J. A.

# CONTENTS

	PAGE
ABERCROMBIE, LASCELLES :	
Soul and Body . . . . .	I
( <i>Interludes and Poems.</i> John Lane)	
ACKERLEY, J. R. :	
The Conjuror on Hammersmith Bridge . . . . .	3
( <i>Poems by Four Authors.</i> Bowes & Bowes)	
ADAMS, ARTHUR H. :	
Sydney . . . . .	4
The Australian . . . . .	5
( <i>Collected Verses.</i> Whitcombe & Tombs)	
Andromeda . . . . .	7
( <i>London Streets.</i> Whitcombe & Tombs)	
ALDINGTON, RICHARD :	
Meditation . . . . .	8
( <i>Exile and Other Poems.</i> Allen & Unwin)	
ALLISON, WILLIAM T. :	
Egerton Ryerson . . . . .	9
The Grays and the Browns . . . . .	10
( <i>The Amber Army.</i> William Briggs, Toronto)	
ALMA-TADEMA, LAURENCE :	
Victory . . . . .	11
The Stranger . . . . .	11
( <i>A Few Lyrics.</i> Elkin Mathews)	
ARKELL, REGINALD :	
The Buryin' . . . . .	
( <i>Columbine : A Fantasy.</i> Sidgwick & Jackson)	12
ARMSTRONG, MARTIN :	
The Young Bather . . . . .	13
( <i>Exodus.</i> Chapman & Hall)	
The Explorers . . . . .	14
( <i>Thirty New Poems.</i> Martin Secker)	

# CONTENTS

	PAGE
BAERLEIN, HENRY :	
The Fool . . . . .	15
Those Little Feet Have Passed . . . . .	16
( <i>Windrush and Evenlode.</i> Methuen)	
BARING, MAURICE :	
We drift apart, nor can we quite forget . . . . .	17
Vale . . . . .	18
( <i>Collected Poems.</i> John Lane)	
BATEMAN, MAY :	
The Call of the Sea . . . . .	18
( <i>Sonnets and Songs.</i> Elkin Mathews)	
BAX, CLIFFORD :	
Youth . . . . .	20
( <i>Poems : Dramatic and Lyrical.</i> Orpheus Press)	
Memory . . . . .	20
( <i>A House of Words.</i> Blackwell)	
BELLOC, HILAIRE :	
The South Country . . . . .	21
Dawn Shall Over Lethe Break . . . . .	23
( <i>Verses and Sonnets.</i> Duckworth)	
BINYON, LAURENCE :	
For the Fallen . . . . .	24
( <i>The Four Years.</i> Elkin Mathews)	
Whitechapel High Road . . . . .	25
( <i>London Visions.</i> Elkin Mathews)	
BLANE, WILLIAM :	
A Prayer . . . . .	27
( <i>The Silent Land.</i> Eliot Stock)	
BLUNDEN, EDMUND :	
The Shepherd . . . . .	29
( <i>The Shepherd and Other Poems of Peace and War.</i> Cobden-Sanderson)	
BOTTOMLEY, GORDON :	
A Carol for Christmas Day before Dawn . . . . .	32
Our Lady of Consolation . . . . .	33
( <i>Poems of Thirty Years.</i> Constable)	
BRANFORD, F. VICTOR :	
Man . . . . .	34
( <i>Titans and Gods.</i> Christophers)	

# CONTENTS

	PAGE
<b>BRIDGES, ROBERT :</b>	
Rejoice, ye dead, where'er your spirits dwell . . . . .	34
The world still goeth about to show and hide . . . . .	35
On a Dead Child . . . . .	35
One grief of thine . . . . .	37
<i>(Poetical Works. John Murray. Poetical Works. Oxford Press)</i>	
<b>BURKE, THOMAS :</b>	
Contentment . . . . .	37
<i>(Verses. Privately printed)</i>	
Paddington . . . . .	38
Night-piece . . . . .	38
<b>BURROW, C. KENNETT :</b>	
To All Mourners . . . . .	39
<i>(Carmen Varia. Secker)</i>	
<b>BYRON, MAY :</b>	
The Fold . . . . .	40
The Combatant . . . . .	41
<i>(The Wind on the Heath. Hodder &amp; Stoughton)</i>	
<b>CAINE, SIR HALL :</b>	
After Sunset . . . . .	42
<b>CAMPBELL, JOSEPH :</b>	
Loafers . . . . .	42
<i>(Irishry. Maunsell)</i>	
<b>CANTON, WILLIAM :</b>	
The Latter Law . . . . .	44
Heights and Depths . . . . .	46
<i>(The Comrades : Poems New and Old. Pitman)</i>	
<b>CARMAN, BLISS :</b>	
The Keeper's Silence . . . . .	46
O wonder of all wonders . . . . .	48
In a Grand Pré Garden . . . . .	49
<i>(Songs from a Northern Garden. John Murray)</i>	
<b>CHESTERTON, GILBERT KEITH :</b>	
The Donkey . . . . .	56
The Praise of Dust . . . . .	57
<i>(The Wild Knight. Dent)</i>	
<b>CHILDE, WILFRED ROWLAND :</b>	
Vespers . . . . .	58
<i>(The Little City. Blackwell)</i>	
<b>CHURCH, RICHARD :</b>	
The Nightingale . . . . .	59
<i>(The Flood of Life and Other Poems. Fifield)</i>	

# CONTENTS

	PAGE
CLIFFORD, ETHEL :	
Had Sappho Lived . . . . .	59
The Song in the Valley . . . . .	61
( <i>Love's Journey.</i> John Lane)	
COLEMAN, HELENA :	
The Fields are Green in Canada . . . . .	62
( <i>Marching Men.</i> Dent)	
COLUM, PADRIAC :	
A Cradle Song . . . . .	63
The Plougher . . . . .	64
( <i>Wild Earth and Other Poems.</i> Maunsel)	
COURTNEY, WILLIAM LEONARD :	
Fate . . . . .	65
Death . . . . .	66
Hereafter . . . . .	67
CROSS, ZORA :	
Love Sonnet—XXXV . . . . .	67
The Birthday of the Dead . . . . .	68
( <i>Songs of Love and Life.</i> Angus & Robertson, Sydney)	
CROW, GERALD H. :	
The Cloister . . . . .	69
( <i>Chosen Poems.</i> A. H. Bullen)	
When We are Old . . . . .	69
( <i>The Island.</i> Constable)	
CUMBERLAND, GERALD :	
Undying Wonder . . . . .	70
( <i>Rosalys and Other Poems.</i> Grant Richards)	
DALMON, CHARLES :	
The Ancient Faith . . . . .	71
( <i>A Poor Man's Riches.</i> Methuen)	
DAVIES, WILLIAM HENRY :	
April's Charms . . . . .	72
( <i>Child Lovers and Collected Poems.</i> Jonathan Cape)	
The Kingfisher . . . . .	73
( <i>Farewell to Poesy and Collected Poems.</i> Cape)	
Sweet Stay-at-Home . . . . .	73
( <i>Foliage and Collected Poems.</i> Cape)	
The Likeness . . . . .	74
( <i>New Poems and Collected Poems.</i> Cape)	

# CONTENTS

	PAGE
DAVISON, EDWARD :	
Between Heaven and Charing Cross . . . . .	75
( <i>Poems by Four Authors.</i> Bowes & Bowes)	
DAWSON-SCOTT, MRS. C. A. :	
Walls . . . . .	76
( <i>Bitter Herbs.</i> Heinemann)	
DE LA MARE, WALTER :	
England . . . . .	78
The Sleeper . . . . .	79
The Song of Shadows . . . . .	79
Winter Dusk . . . . .	80
( <i>Collected Poems.</i> Constable)	
DENNIS, C. A. :	
My Son . . . . .	81
( <i>The Sentimental Bloke.</i> Angus & Robertson, Sydney)	
DONEY, MAY :	
Ascension . . . . .	86
( <i>Songs of the Real.</i> Methuen)	
DOUGHTY, CHARLES MONTAGU :	
Night Vision . . . . .	87
( <i>The Cliffs.</i> Duckworth)	
DOYLE, SIR ARTHUR CONAN :	
A Ballad of the Ranks . . . . .	91
( <i>Collected Poems.</i> John Murray)	
DRINKWATER, JOHN :	
A Prayer . . . . .	93
( <i>Poems. Selected Poems.</i> Sidgwick & Jackson)	
Immortality . . . . .	95
( <i>Olton Pools. Selected Poems.</i> Sidgwick & Jackson)	
Last Confessional . . . . .	95
( <i>Swords and Ploughshares. Selected Poems.</i> Sidgwick & Jackson)	
EDEN HELEN PARRY :	
The Petals . . . . .	97
( <i>Bread and Circuses.</i> John Lane. Reprinted from <i>Punch</i> by permission of the proprietors)	

# CONTENTS

	PAGE
ELLIS, VIVIAN LOCKE :	
After . . . . .	98
The Wayfarer . . . . .	99
( <i>The Revolt of Woman.</i> Privately printed)	
ELTON, GODFREY :	
News . . . . .	100
( <i>Schoolboys and Exiles.</i> Allen & Unwin)	
FABER, GEOFFREY :	
The Rarest Gift . . . . .	101
( <i>Interflow.</i> Constable)	
FARJEON, ELEANOR :	
Sonnet . . . . .	104
A Morning Dream . . . . .	105
( <i>Sonnets and Poems.</i> Blackwell)	
FAUSSET, HUGH I'A. :	
Now while the breath of heaven is in our eyes . . . . .	106
( <i>The Spirit of Love.</i> Methuen)	
FERGUSON, JOHN :	
In Hospital . . . . .	106
Let me be noble . . . . .	107
The Circus Clown . . . . .	107
( <i>Thyrea and Other Sonnets.</i> Melrose)	
FISHER, A. HUGH :	
The Outcasts . . . . .	108
( <i>The Ruined Barn and Other Poems.</i> Selwyn & Blount)	
FLINT, F. S. :	
Both Sides the Mirror . . . . .	109
Once in Autumn . . . . .	109
( <i>In the Net of the Stars.</i> Elkin Mathews)	
FLOWER, ROBIN :	
In the Train . . . . .	110
( <i>Hymenæa.</i> Selwyn & Blount)	
FORD, S. GERTRUDE :	
The Star that Set . . . . .	112
( <i>Westminster Gazette</i> )	
FRANKAU, GILBERT :	
How Rifleman Brown came to Valhalla . . . . .	113
( <i>The City of Fear.</i> Chatto & Windus. Reprinted from <i>The Poetical Works of Gilbert Frankau</i> by kind permission of his publishers, Messrs. Chatto & Windus)	



# CONTENTS

	PAGE
FREEMAN, JOHN :	
Absence . . . . .	118
The Wish. . . . .	119
Childhood Calls . . . . .	119
In 'Those Old Days' . . . . .	119
<i>(Poems New and Old. Selwyn &amp; Blount)</i>	
FRENCH, CECIL :	
Hidden Sorrow . . . . .	120
The Offering . . . . .	121
<i>(Between Sun and Moon. Favil Press)</i>	
FRIEDLAENDER, V. II. :	
The Road. . . . .	121
The Price . . . . .	122
<i>(A Friendship and Other Poems. Country Life Library)</i>	
FYLEMAN, ROSE :	
White Magic . . . . .	123
<i>(Fairies and Chimneys. Methuen. Reprinted from Punch, by permission of the proprietors)</i>	
GALE, NORMAN :	
To the Sweetwilliam . . . . .	124
<i>(Collected Poems. Macmillan)</i>	
GALSWORTHY, JOHN :	
The Prayer . . . . .	126
Errantry . . . . .	126
<i>(Moods, Songs and Doggerels. Heinemann)</i>	
GELLERT, LEON :	
Lemnos Harbour . . . . .	127
<i>(Songs of a Campaign. Angus &amp; Robertson, Sydney)</i>	
GIBSON, WILFRED WILSON :	
Holiday . . . . .	129
<i>(Daily Bread. Elkin Mathews)</i>	
The Fowler . . . . .	135
<i>(The Bookman)</i>	
GILMORE, MARY :	
The Wife's Song . . . . .	135
Three Songs . . . . .	137
<i>(The Passionate Heart. Angus &amp; Robertson, Sydney)</i>	
GILSON, HIBBART :	
The Convent Marriage Bell . . . . .	138
<i>(Uninspired Verse. W. Westall)</i>	

# CONTENTS

	PAGE
GOLDING, LOUIS :	
Ploughman at the Plough . . . . .	139
( <i>Shepherds Singing Ragtime.</i> Christophers)	
GOLDING, DOUGLAS :	
Juillac-le-Coq . . . . .	140
Little Houses (Hill Street, Knightsbridge) . . . . .	140
( <i>The Streets and Other Poems.</i> Selwyn & Blount)	
GORE-BOOTH, EVA :	
Sonnets . . . . .	141
Weariness . . . . .	142
( <i>Poems.</i> Longmans)	
The Little Waves of Brelfny . . . . .	143
( <i>The One and the Many.</i> Longmans)	
GOSSE, SIR EDMUND :	
The Voice of D. G. R. . . . .	143
With a Copy of Herrick . . . . .	144
Euthanasia . . . . .	145
Blake . . . . .	145
( <i>Collected Poems.</i> Heinemann)	
GOULD, GERALD :	
The Earth-Child . . . . .	146
Wander-Thirst . . . . .	146
( <i>Lyrics.</i> Nutt)	
GRAVES, ALFRED PERCEVAL :	
Father O'Flynn . . . . .	147
( <i>Irish Poems.</i> Maunsel)	
Crethis and Miranda . . . . .	149
Miranda and Her Mother . . . . .	150
GRAVES, ROBERT :	
Marigold . . . . .	152
A Pinch of Salt . . . . .	153
Babylon . . . . .	154
( <i>Fairies and Fusiliers.</i> Heinemann)	
GRAVES, ROSALEEN :	
Choice . . . . .	155
( <i>Night Sounds.</i> Blackwell)	
GUTHRIE-SMITH, JOAN :	
From the Beguinage . . . . .	156
( <i>Adventure Square.</i> Hodder & Stoughton)	

# CONTENTS

	PAGE
GWYNN, STEPHEN :	
In the Churchyard . . . . .	157
( <i>Collected Poems.</i> Blackwood)	
HALE, KATHERINE :	
The First Christmas . . . . .	159
( <i>Grey Knitting.</i> William Briggs, Toronto)	
HARDY, THOMAS :	
The Ghost of the Past . . . . .	160
( <i>Collected Poems.</i> Macmillan)	
The Night of Trafalgar . . . . .	161
( <i>The Dynasts.</i> Macmillan)	
At an Inn . . . . .	162
( <i>Collected Poems.</i> Macmillan)	
HAYES, ALFRED :	
One Thing Wanting . . . . .	164
( <i>The Cup of Quietness.</i> Methuen)	
HODGSON, RALPH :	
Time, You old Gipsy Man . . . . .	165
The Gipsy Girl . . . . .	166
( <i>Poems.</i> Macmillan)	
The Down by Moonlight . . . . .	167
( <i>The Last Blackbird.</i> Allen & Unwin)	
HOLLAND, NORAH M. :	
The Little Dog-Angel . . . . .	168
The Master of Shadows . . . . .	169
( <i>Spun Yarn and Spindrift.</i> Dent)	
HOUSMAN, ALFRED EDWARD :	
Sinner's Rue . . . . .	170
( <i>Last Poems.</i> Grant Richards)	
HOUSMAN, LAURENCE :	
In a Garden . . . . .	171
( <i>The Heart of Peace.</i> Heinemann)	
The Settlers . . . . .	172
Bonds . . . . .	173
( <i>Selected Poems.</i> Sidgwick & Jackson)	
HUXLEY, ALDOUS :	
Italy . . . . .	174
( <i>The Defeat of Youth and Other Poems.</i> Blackwell)	
The Canal . . . . .	175
( <i>The Burning Wheel.</i> Chatto & Windus)	

# CONTENTS

	PAGE
JACOB, VIOLET :	
At a Brookside . . . . .	176
( <i>Verses.</i> Heinemann)	
Armed . . . . .	176
( <i>More Songs of Angus.</i> Country Life Library)	
JOYCE, JAMES :	
My love is in a light attire . . . . .	177
The twilight turns from amethyst . . . . .	178
( <i>Chamber Music.</i> Jonathan Cape)	
KAYE-SMITH, SHEILA :	
To My Body—A Thanksgiving . . . . .	178
( <i>Willow's Forge.</i> Erskine Macdonald)	
The Ascension Day . . . . .	180
( <i>Saints in Sussex.</i> Elkin Mathews)	
KIPLING, RUDYARD :	
The Children's Song . . . . .	182
( <i>Songs from Books.</i> Macmillan)	
The Explorer . . . . .	183
Sussex . . . . .	188
( <i>The Five Nations.</i> Methuen)	
KNOX, EDMUND GEORGE VALPY :	
Lost Innocence . . . . .	191
Heads and Hearts . . . . .	192
( <i>The Brazen Lyre.</i> John Murray)	
LAWRENCE, DAVID HERBERT :	
Piano . . . . .	194
( <i>New Poems.</i> Secker)	
LAYARD, NINA FRANCES :	
A Rain Sonnet . . . . .	194
The Secret of the Lily Pool . . . . .	195
( <i>Selections from Poems.</i> Harrison, Ipswich)	
LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD :	
London Beautiful . . . . .	197
Christmas in War-Time . . . . .	199
( <i>New Poems.</i> John Lane)	
What of the Darkness . . . . .	200
( <i>English Poems.</i> John Lane)	
LEHMANN, RUDOLPH CHAMBERS :	
Crumbs of Pity . . . . .	201
( <i>Crumbs of Pity.</i> Blackwood)	

# CONTENTS

	PAGE
LESLIE, SHANE :	
Monaghan . . . . .	204
( <i>Songs of Oriel.</i> Maunsel)	
LETTIS, W. M. :	
In Service . . . . .	205
Blessings . . . . .	206
( <i>Songs from Leinster.</i> John Murray)	
LYND, SYLVIA :	
The Small Daughter . . . . .	207
( <i>The Thrush and the Jay.</i> Constable)	
The Whistling Boy . . . . .	208
The Return of the Goldfinches . . . . .	209
( <i>The Goldfinches.</i> Constable)	
LYSAGHT, SIDNEY ROYSE :	
The Fountain-Springs . . . . .	211
( <i>Horizons and Landmarks.</i> Macmillan)	
A Psalm : Sit Nobis templum . . . . .	212
( <i>Poems of the Unknown Way.</i> Macmillan)	
MACAULAY, ROSE :	
The Losers . . . . .	213
( <i>The Two Blind Countries.</i> Sidgwick & Jackson)	
MACFIE, RONALD CAMPBELL :	
Worship . . . . .	215
( <i>Odes and Other Poems.</i> John Murray)	
Apologia . . . . .	215
( <i>New Poems.</i> John Lane)	
MACKAY, ISABEL ECCLESTONE :	
Wet Weather . . . . .	218
( <i>Fires of Driftwood.</i> McClelland & Stewart, Toronto)	
Inheritance . . . . .	219
( <i>Between the Lights.</i> William Briggs, Toronto)	
For One Who Went in Spring . . . . .	219
( <i>Fires of Driftwood.</i> McClelland & Stewart, Toronto)	
MACKERETH, JAMES A. :	
To a Blackbird on New Year's Day . . . . .	220
( <i>On the Face of a Star.</i> Longmans)	
Moonrise at Grasmere Once More . . . . .	221

# CONTENTS

	PAGE
MACNAMARA, RACHEL SWETE :	
Love Summer Sits at Her Wheel of June . . . . .	223
( <i>The Little Book of Dew.</i> Selwyn & Blount)	
MASEFIELD, JOHN :	
Sea-Fever. . . . .	224
Beauty . . . . .	225
From "Lollingdon Downs" . . . . .	225
From "The Widow in the Byc-Street" . . . . .	226
( <i>Collected Poems.</i> Heinemann)	

## LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

His subtle, imaginative narrative and dramatic verse is as rugged and metaphysical as Donne's. "Interludes and Poems" (1908); "Mary and the Bramble" (1910); "The Sale of St. Thomas" (1911); "Emblems of Love" (1912); "Deborah" (1912).

### *Soul and Body*

BODY :

ART thou for breaking faith, after these years,  
These many married years  
Wherein we have ourselves so well delighted ?  
Why art thou sick ? Art thou beginning fears  
That our dear joys have been unholy things ?  
Trust me, since we have been so long plighted,—  
Whate'er be this white worship thou dost mean  
To reach on these unlucky wings,—  
Thou wilt miss the wonder I have made for thee  
Of this dear world with my fashioning senses,  
The blue, the fragrance, the singing, and the green  
And thou wilt find, not having me,  
Crippled thy high powers, gone to doubt  
Thy indignation and thy love, without  
Help of my lust and the anger of my blood  
And my tears.  
Try me again ; dost thou remember how we stood  
And lookt upon the world exultingly ?  
What is for rapture better than these ?—  
Great places of grassy land, and all the air  
One quiet, the sun taking golden ease  
Upon an afternoon ;  
Tall hills that stood in weather-blinded trances  
As if they heard, drawn upward and held there,  
Some god's eternal tune ;  
I made them so, I with my fashioning senses  
Made the devoted hills : have their great patencies  
Not lent thee any health of ecstasy ?

*Lascelles Abercrombie*

Or when the north came shouting to the beach,  
Wind that would gag in his throat a lion's speech,  
And spindrift with a whirring hiss went by  
Like swords,—wert thou not glad with me?  
O who will lodge thee better than I have done  
In exultation?—I who alone  
Can wash thee in the sacring of moonlight,  
Or send thee soaring even that above  
Into the wise and unimaginable night,  
The chambers of the holy fear,  
Or bring thee to the breasts of love.

SOUL :

Dear Body, my beloved friend, poor thanks have I  
For all this service. As if fires had made me clean,  
I come out of thy experience,  
Thy blue, thy fragrance, thy singing and thy green,  
Passions of love, and most, that holy fear :  
Well hast thou done to me with every sense.  
But there's for me a fiercer kind  
Of joy, that feels not, knows not, deaf and blind :  
And these but led to it, that we did try  
When we were person, thou and I ;  
Woe for me if I should dare  
Partake in person now I see  
The lights of unware ecstasy.  
I must not in amazement stay,  
Henceforth I am for a way  
Beyond thy senses, beauty and fear,  
Beyond wonder even.  
I want neither earth nor heaven,  
I will not have ken or desire,  
But only joy higher and higher  
Burning knowledge in its white fire  
Till I am no more aware  
And no more saying " I am I,"  
But all is perfect ecstasy.



J. R. ACKERLEY

“ Poems by Four Authors ” (1923).

*The Conjuror on Hammersmith Bridge*

HE smiled at me in manner undismayed,  
And then, with an expressive glance and shiver,  
He flung his leg across the balustrade  
And dropped into the river.

Alone I watched his exit from the world ;  
Alone I ran to peer into the gloom,  
And saw the way the swelling ripples curled  
Above his midnight tomb.

I watched his hat drift down upon the tide,  
A witness of his scorn of God and men.  
His head rose up as though dissatisfied,  
And slowly sank again.

Not mine the parting guest to speed or stay ;  
Not mine to interfere in private sorrow,  
Or force a man who so disliked to-day  
To wait upon to-morrow.

I wondered would his last expiring breath  
In other folk breed equal hate and strife.  
I hoped he was enjoying more his death  
Than he had liked his life.

He rose no more. The waters ceased their stir ;  
But in my mind I saw him, pinched and sick,  
Yet calm and smiling—like a conjuror  
About to do a trick.

*Arthur Adams*

A trick that was ineffable, sublime,  
That loosed despair and hatred into space,  
That flicked a human being out of time  
And never left a trace——

Except the hat. I watched it turn and sway  
And wander from the place where he had drowned ;  
The conjurer had tricked himself away,  
And could not hand it round.

ARTHUR ADAMS

New Zealand poet, novelist, dramatist and journalist. Has lived much in Australia and done most of his journalistic work for the *Sydney Bulletin*. "Maoriland and Other Verses" (Sydney, 1899) ; "The Nazarene" (London, 1902) ; "London Streets" (London, 1906) ; "Collected Poems" (1913).

*Sydney*

IN her grey majesty of ancient stone  
She queens it proudly, though the sun's caress  
Her piteous cheeks, ravished of bloom, confess,  
And her dark eyes his bridegroom-glance have known.  
Robed in her flowing parks, serene, alone,  
She fronts the East ; and with the tropic stress  
Her smooth brow ripples into weariness ;  
Yet hers the sea for footstool, and for throne  
A continent predestined. Round her trails  
The turbid squalor of her streets, and dim  
Into the dark heat-haze her domes flow up ;  
Her long lean fingers, with their grey old nails,  
Giving her thirsty lips to the cool brim  
Of the bronze beauty of her harbor's cup.

### *The Australian*

ONCE more this Autumn-earth is ripe,  
Parturient of another type.

While with the Past old nations merge  
His foot is on the Future's verge.

They watch him, as they huddle, pent,  
Striding a spacious continent,

Above the level desert's marge  
Looming in his aloofness large.

No flower with fragile sweetness graced—  
A lank weed wrestling with the waste ;

Pallid of face and gaunt of limb,  
The sweetness withered out of him ;

Sombre, indomitable, wan,  
The juices dried, the glad youth gone.

A little weary from his birth,  
His laugh the spectre of a mirth,

Bitter beneath a bitter sky,  
To Nature he has no reply.

Wanton, perhaps, and cruel. Yes,  
Is not his sun more merciless ?

So drab and neutral is his day,  
He finds a splendour in the grey

And from his life's monotony  
He draws a dreary melody.

*Arthur Adams*

When earth so poor a banquet makes  
His pleasures at a gulp he takes ;

The feast is his to the last crumb :  
Drink while he can . . . the drought will come.

His heart a sudden tropic flower,  
He loves and loathes within an hour.

Yet you who by the pools abide,  
Judge not the man who swerves aside ;

He sees beyond your hazy fears ;  
He roads the desert of the years ;

Rearing his cities in the sand,  
He builds where even God has banned ;

With green a continent he crowns,  
And stars a wilderness with towns ;

With paths the distances he snares :  
His gyves of steel the great plain wears.

A child who takes a world for toy,  
To build a nation or destroy,

His childish features frozen stern,  
His manhood's task he has to learn—

From feeble tribes to federate  
One white and peace-encompassed State.

But if there be no goal to reach ? . . .  
The track lies open, dawns beseech !

Enough that he lay down his load  
A little further on the road.

So, toward undreamt-of destinies  
He slouches down the centuries.

## *Andromeda*

SHE is a snared and prisoned thing—  
A meek white moth with broken wing.  
Life took her heart when it was yet  
Too young for grieving or regret,  
And slowly tamed his prisoner—  
That glowing woman's heart of her !

She did not guess what earth could give ;  
She did not know she did not live ;  
Caught from the sun in Work's grey net  
And in a gloomy office set,  
Her breast sometimes forgot to sigh :  
Some days she hardly missed the sky.

Her dewy gladness dull work took  
To write dead figures in a book ;  
And on her high stool, hour by hour,  
She sits—a frail and long-stemmed flower !  
And the days drag, each day the same :  
She is so soft a thing to maim !

She, made for love, of love compact,  
Has half-forgot the love she lacked ;  
She waits, a harp of slackened strings :  
One word of love its music brings.  
Each hour is but a death she dies :  
One hand in hers is Paradise.

And when I kiss her lips at night  
She is a pool of still delight,  
Her low laugh a triumphant thing,  
Her voice a bird on buoyant wing ;  
And when I whisper low her name  
Her soul is but a shaken flame !

Her soul that dreams it is alive  
The grey ghouls take—from nine till five.  
She adds up figures—who to me  
Is a god-given mystery !

*Richard Aldington*

They shut her heart in ledgers up—  
Her heart that is a thirsty cup !

So long her life has bled and bled,  
They pay dead wages to one dead.  
Ah, still we change, our gods to mock,  
Andromeda upon the rock !  
But that young stifled heart of her—  
Unbind me, gods ! her rescuer !

RICHARD ALDINGTON

One of the Imagist group of poets. "Images, 1910-1915" (1915—reissued with additional poems, 1919); "Images of Desire" (1919); "Images of War" (1919); "Poems of Meleager" (1920); "Exile and Other Poems" (1923).

*Meditation*

AS I sit here alone in the calm lamplight,  
Watching the red embers  
Slowly fade and crumble into grey dust,  
With that impenetrable silence  
Of long night about me  
And the companionship of the immemorial dead  
At hand upon my shelves,  
Then, when I have freed myself  
From trivial designs and false longings,  
When I have fortified my soul  
To endure the rough shock of truth,  
Then I can think without trembling or whimpering  
That I must see you dead,  
That I must press down your useless eyelids,  
Extend your arms, smooth down your hair,  
And set upon your lips a withered flower,  
The poor last kiss.

*Egerton Ryerson*

In the imagination  
I have endured all that without a tear ;  
Yet, if it were not that above all things  
I seek and cling to my own truth,  
I would cozen my agony with any lie,  
Any far-fetched similitude, any dream  
Which would lighten with hope this heavy certitude ;  
I would kiss the feet of man or woman  
Who would prove to me your immortality,  
Prove to me your new life circles this life  
As the immense sky, naked and starry,  
Circles with its illimitable round  
The low white roof of our cottage.

Yet, as I would not catch your love with a lie,  
But force you to love me as I am,  
Faulty, imperfect, human,  
So I would not cheat your inward being  
With untrue hopes nor confuse pure truth with a legend.  
This only I have :  
I am true to my truth, I have not faltered ;  
And my own end, the sudden departure  
From the virile earth I love so eagerly,  
Once such a sombre matter, now appears nothing  
Beside this weightier, more torturing bereavement.

WILLIAM T. ALLISON

Canadian poet and journalist. Professor of English Literature  
at University of Manitoba, Winnipeg. "The Amber Army"  
(1909).

*Egerton Ryerson*

HERE in the Chapel's holy, melting light,  
A tenderness comes o'er the square-hewn face,

*William T. Allison*

A rich, transforming touch of twilight grace  
That makes the brow's full majesty and might  
Seem less severe, and shows the eyes more bright  
And gentler in their granite cavities ;  
But naught can smooth from this our Hercules  
The lines of stress about those lips locked tight.

For he it was who fought our fight and fared  
Of old as our brave knight, our pioneer  
He blazed the easy road for you and me,  
He struggled for us all, he planned, he dared,  
He gave us liberty ; behold him here,  
Strong servant of that truth which makes us free.

*The Grays and the Browns*

LEAGUE upon league of ice and snow,  
And February's bitter chill—  
Yet " Bob White " marks with fairy show  
His tiny trail up Indian Hill.

And through the bitter, blustering day,  
With snowshoes on her scaly feet,  
The ruffed grouse picks her happy way  
To her low-hidden, snug retreat.

Brave little fluffs in grays and browns  
Breasting the cheerless winter skies,  
Men winter-worn in grumbling towns  
Might look to you with shame-filled eyes.



## LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA

Novelist and poet. Daughter of Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, O.M., R.A. "Songs of Womanhood" (1903); "A Few Lyrics" (1909).

### *Victory*

WHEN that my soul, too far from God,  
In earthly furrows crawled about,  
An insect on a dusty clod  
Wandering wingless in and out :

At deepest dark I looked above  
And saw a million worlds alight  
That burnt the mortal veils of Love  
And left it shining infinite :

I gazed and gazed with lifted head  
Until I found my heart had wings,  
And now my soul has ceased to dread  
The weary dust of worldly things.

### *The Stranger*

HER door stood open all day long,  
And as the men went past  
They heard her wheel, her gentle song  
That said "He'll come at last !"

A stranger halted at the gate  
One evening and smiled ;  
Said she then : "He for whom I wait  
Is wingèd, and a child."

*Reginald Arkell*

He turned from her with wondrous mien,  
And never a word he spoke ;  
But from afar she saw the sheen  
Of wings beneath his cloak. . . .

REGINALD ARKELL

Playwright and journalist ; author of much witty and whimsical light verse. The following is one of the shorter poems in his volume, "Columbine : A Fantasy " (1913).

*The Buryin'*

THE mists be on the river bed,  
The roses all be gone ;  
And here be I, about to die,  
Wi' harvest coming on.  
Dear Lord, I've trapsed some weary miles,  
I'll be main glad to rest awhile.

The folk'll soon be in the fields,  
A-getting in the grain.  
For most of those, the time I've chose  
Be awkerd in the main.  
Though not so bad, 'tis sure, for they  
As be a-working by the day.

September be a better month  
For all the carter men ;  
And when I die don't signify,  
So let I bide till then.  
The wagons 'll be standing by,  
And there'll be time to bury I.

## MARTIN ARMSTRONG

Since he became known as a poet, has made a second reputation as critic, novelist and writer of short stories. "Exodus" (1912); "Thirty New Poems" (1918); "The Buzzards" (1921).

### *The Young Bather*

DOWN by the water a boy stood there,  
Stripped to bathe, on a rock shelf narrow,  
    Sweet-curved, spare,  
    With clustering hair,  
Pure as a lily-bud, slim as an arrow.

Over his back in the breezes warm  
Shine and shadow danced free and fickle,  
    Then, palm to palm,  
    Of each lifted arm,  
Sweet and slight as the young moon's sickle,

He dived. And seeing that child of May,  
A whim of beauty, a wonder of slimness,  
    I nigh could pray  
    That the Gods would slay  
And keep him there in the weedy dimness.

But lank and dripping his brown head rose :  
He crawls ashore and the leafage severs,  
    And the branches close  
    On a form that goes  
With all sweet things else down the Years' great rivers.

To think that the glory must leave his head,  
And his young, white beauty must all forsake him ;  
    I had almost said  
    That the gods were dead,  
Did it need not the hand of a god to make him.

*Martin Armstrong*

*The Explorers*

WE are those wandering souls that never rest :  
No ancient laws can bind us, for the zest  
And hunger of the eternal in us burn,  
Driving us to adventure and to spurn  
Ease and the humble joys within our ken  
In the narrow earthly heavens of little men :—  
Hunger for great experience, wisdom deep  
Of nature and ourselves, those truths that leap  
Flame-like to greet the faithful stress of soul  
'That forges on, seeking the glittering pole  
'Through pain and terror and heart's agony,  
And many a windy battle on the sea.

Sunsets chaotic, fierce and beautiful  
Fire the long furrow of our cleaving hull  
And gild the coasts with wild and changing lights  
Still ominous of elemental fights.  
And the known coasts fall behind, the plunging ship  
Leaps through untravelled seas, and lo, the grip  
About our hearts of a sudden delighted fear  
As the starry wonders glimmer and grow clear  
Nightly, to nourish the unsated will  
That goads us ever on to struggle still  
On weltering decks in the roaring of ripped sails,  
With maniac seas and screaming winds and the flails  
Of lashing rain, in the clatter of hurled spray,  
Through nights moonless and starless, through long day  
Of twilight windless, till at evenfall  
Thunder and lightning usher in the squall.

The loudest storms die down and cease to be,  
But nourished with their strength and laughter we,  
Unbeaten wrestlers, ever onward roll  
With warm sea-freshened body and laughing soul,

### *The Fool*

Still eager for whatever shall befall ;  
And still, like lion-tamers, proudly call  
New terrors and wonders forth from the unknown :  
Gathering from toil and terrors overthrown,  
From keen adventure and unabashed endeavour  
The ambrosial food that keeps us young for ever ;  
Seeking new worlds until our soul shall be  
Wide as the frontiers of divinity.

### HENRY BAERLEIN

Better known as a novelist and writer of travel books. " Wind-rush and Evenlode " (1915) ; " Rimes of the Diabes Bleus " (1917). Some of his finest poetry is in " The Diwan of Abu'l Ala " (1908) and other translations from the Persian.

### *The Fool*

" EVER, ever," the lady said,  
" Dost thou sit with a downcast head ;  
Surely one of the motley race  
Should have laughter upon his face.

" Weave me a tale that is blithe and gay  
Or abandon my court to-day.  
All are sad when they gaze on thee."  
" I will tell you a tale," quoth he.

Long he looked on her sitting there,  
Under a halo of golden hair,  
Then he said, " I will weave for you  
Something merry and something true.

" In a garden the flowers were gay,  
Red, white, yellow—they danced all day,

*Henry Baerlein*

And the gardener was their guide,  
Piping them over the countryside.

"But one night to a starlit pool  
Did the gardener come, poor fool—  
Never he thought that the world could hold  
Such a glorious flower of gold.

"Soon this magical thing of night  
Put the charms of the sun to flight,  
And, magical lady, he ceased to play  
With the clamorous flowers of day.

"Though he knew he would grasp in vain,  
For the stalk was a fairy's chain,  
Still that flower did he love the best.  
Think not, lady, I speak in jest."

"Fool," said she, "in this tale of thine  
Sorrow and loveliness intertwine,  
Yet how can such a fairy-tale  
Make the cheek of a jester pale?"

"Ah! but often I dream," quoth he,  
"That the gardener lives in me,  
Then, O lady, I hang my head."  
"Thou art a foolish fool," she said.

*Those Little Feet Have Passed*

THOSE little feet have passed  
Away for ever more,  
Now they are loitering  
Upon a pallid shore.

Ah no, they tread, they tread  
Upon this heart of me—  
I did not know that little feet  
Could fall so heavily.

## MAURICE BARING

An Admirable Crichton of letters, whose poems, books of travel, plays, essays, short stories, novels and translations fill many volumes. "The Black Prince and Other Poems" (1902); "Desiderio" (1906); "Sonnets and Short Poems" (1906); "Collected Poems" (1911); "Poems: 1914-1919" (1920).

WE drift apart, nor can we quite forget;—  
Some link is lost; and that affinity  
That binds us not and will not set us free,  
Still tinges all our friendship with regret.

And now I feel at last our hearts have met  
In perfect tune; that God made you for me  
And me for you; and now that he has set  
This veil between us, this mute mystery.

Yet when I wash away the dust of earth,  
In the cool kingdoms of celestial dew,  
I trust that you will meet me with a smile,  
The old smile made undying with new birth;  
And I'll say this: "I loved you all the while."  
And you will say "I loved you and I knew."

---

I DARE not pray to thee, for thou art won  
Rarely by those by whom thou hast been wooed;  
Thou comest unsolicited, unsued,  
Like sudden splendour of the midnight sun.

Yet in my heart the prayer doth still abide  
That thou hast haply heard my unbreathed prayer;  
That in the stifling moment of despair,  
I shall turn round and find thee by my side,

### *May Bateman*

Like a sad pilgrim who has wandered far,  
And hopes not any longer for the day,  
But blinded by black thickets finds no way,  
Comes to a rift of trees, in that sad plight,  
And suddenly sees the unending aisles of night  
And in the emerald glow the morning star.

### *Vale*

I AM for ever haunted by one dread  
That I may suddenly be swept away,  
Nor have the leave to see you, and to say  
Goodbye : then this is what I should have said :

I have loved summer and the longest day ;  
The leaves of trees, the slumberous film of heat,  
The bees, the swallow, and the waving wheat,  
The whistling of the mowers in the hay.

I have loved words which left the soul with wings,  
Words that are windows to eternal things.  
I have loved souls that to themselves are true,  
Who cannot stoop and know not how to fear,  
Yet hold the talisman of pity's tear :  
I have loved these because I have loved you.

### MAY BATEMAN

“ Sonnets and Songs ” (1895).

### *The Call of the Sea*

TO watch the salt sea-spray  
Break in a myriad star-showers on the sand,



## *The Call of the Sea*

While the sun's kisses warm the rose-lit bay  
And the mainland ;

To hear strange voices call,  
Echo of mermaids' singing from below,  
Deep in their coral castles, while the slow  
Night shadows fall ;

To feel in all around  
The spell of life's rare silences ; the calm  
Hush that succeeds the palpitating sound  
Of the world's psalm ;

To wake with,—not a prayer ;  
Hardly a thought, perhaps,—unconscious love  
Rising, because of all the beauty there,  
To God above ;

To strive to make our own  
Even the *dream* of something widely pure ;  
To hear God in the stillness, and, alone,  
Learn to endure ;—

This is to understand  
All the pent throbbing of the wordless storm ;  
The majesty of the skies' starry band,—  
Worlds multiform ;

And if, before the last,  
We lay love's passion on the vast sea's breast  
And watch it drift far, as the tide ebbs fast,—  
This is,—to rest.

## CLIFFORD BAX

Dramatist and poet. "Poems Dramatic and Lyrical" (1911);  
"A House of Words" (1920); "The Traveller's Tale"  
(1921).

### *Youth*

WITHIN a primrose wood I lay content  
Upon a certain blithe blue day of spring,  
And, ever near, my lover came or went  
And gathering violets ever did she sing.

So fair she was I laughed for love, and cried  
"Still can I see how yesterday you stood,  
Your whole fair frame rejoicing in its pride  
And lovelier than the whole spring-lovely wood!"

Ah then she paused and coming where I sat  
Smiled, and with one dear hand upon my head,  
"O love, my love, may you remember that  
When I am no more beautiful," she said.

### *Memory*

WALKING by windy trees  
And hearing that hoary sound  
(For older than man himself  
Is the sound of windy trees)  
On a sudden—like that dread  
Fall from the edge of sleep—  
I felt the present collapse  
And time swallowing time,  
And I was a man far back  
In the virgin green of the earth.

### *The South Country*

There, by the windy trees,  
For a moment full as a day  
I saw the world outspread  
Like toys on the floor, and moved  
At will through a thousand years  
And all the cities of old :  
And once could hear, in a lull,  
As though the door were ajar,  
Voices of men who talked  
In the streets of Athens and Rome.

Was it a sleight of the brain,—  
A trick of the windy trees ?  
The rest may judge as they will,  
For he that has known, as I,  
This tidal wave of the soul,  
Knows that eternal change—  
Though it burn up worlds and suns—  
May neither consume nor cloud  
The diamond spirit in man.

### HILAIRE BELLOC

Mr. Belloc's novels, essays, studies in biography, historical, polemical and journalistic works, to say nothing of such delightful frivolities as "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts," have rather overshadowed his poetry, of which he has written too little, but that little includes things that will endure.

"Verses" (1910); "Verses and Sonnets" (1924).

### *The South Country*

WHEN I am living in the Midlands,  
That are sodden and unkind,

*Hilaire Belloc*

I light my lamp in the evening ;  
My work is left behind ;  
And the great hills of the South Country  
Come back into my mind.

The great hills of the South Country,  
They stand along the sea,  
And it's there, walking in the high woods,  
That I could wish to be,  
And the men that were boys when I was a boy  
Walking along with me.

The men that live in North England  
I saw them for a day ;  
Their hearts are set upon the waste fells,  
Their skies are vast and grey ;  
From their castle-walls a man may see  
The mountains far away.

The men that live in West England  
They see the Severn strong,  
A-rolling on rough water brown  
Light aspen leaves along.  
They have the secret of the rocks  
And the oldest kind of song.

But the men that live in the South Country  
Are the kindest and most wise,  
They get their laughter from the loud surf,  
And the faith in their happy eyes  
Comes surely from our sister the Spring  
When over the sea she flies ;  
The violets suddenly bloom at her feet,  
She blesses us with surprise.

I never get between the pines  
But I smell the Sussex air ;

*Dawn Shall Over Lethe Break*

Nor I never come on a belt of sand  
But my home is there,  
And along the sky the line of the Downs  
So noble and so bare.

A lost thing could I never find,  
Nor a broken thing mend ;  
And I fear I shall be all alone  
When I get towards the end.  
Who will there be to comfort me  
Or who will be my friend ?

I will gather and carefully make my friends  
Of the men of the Sussex weald ;  
They watch the stars from silent folds,  
They stiffly plough the field.  
By them and the God of the South Country  
My poor soul shall be healed.

If I ever become a rich man,  
Or if I ever grow to be old,  
I will build a house with deep thatch  
To shelter me from the cold,  
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung  
And the story of Sussex told.

I will hold my house in the high wood,  
Within a walk of the sea,  
And the men that were boys when I was a boy  
Shall sit and drink with me.

*Dawn Shall Over Lethe Break*

LADY, when your lovely head  
Sinks to lie among the Dead,  
And the quiet Places keep  
You that so divinely sleep :

### *Laurence Binyon*

Then the Dead shall blesséd be  
With a New Solemnity.  
For such beauty so descending  
Pledges them that death is ending.  
Sleep your fill :—But when you wake  
Dawn shall over Lethe break.

### LAURENCE BINYON

Poet and dramatist ; essentially lyrical even in his dramas and early epics. " Lyric Poems " (1894) ; " Poems " (1895) ; " London Visions " (Book I, 1895 ; Book II, 1898 ; Collected edition, 1908) ; " Porphyron " (1898) ; " Odes " (1900) ; " The Death of Adam " (1903) ; " Penthesilea " (1905) ; " England and Other Poems " (1909) ; " Auguries " (1913) ; " The Winnowing Fan " (1915) ; " The Anvil " (1916) ; " The Cause " (1917) ; " The New World " (1918) ; " The Four Years " (1919) ; " The Syrens " (1925).

### *For the Fallen*

WITH proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,  
England mourns for her dead across the sea.  
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,  
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill : Death august and royal  
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.  
There is music in the midst of desolation  
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to battle, they were young,  
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.  
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,  
They fell with their faces to the foe.

### *Whitechapel High Road*

They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old :  
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.  
At the going down of the sun and in the morning  
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again ;  
They sit no more at familiar tables of home ;  
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time ;  
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,  
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,  
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known  
As the stars are known to the Night ;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,  
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,  
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,  
To the end, to the end, they remain.

### *Whitechapel High Road*

LUSTY life her river pours  
Along a road of shining shores.  
The moon of August beams  
Mild as upon her harvest slopes ; but here  
From man's full-breath'd abounding earth  
Exiled she walks, as one of alien birth,  
The pale, neglected foster-mother of dreams.  
For windows with resplendent stores  
Along the pavements dazzle and outstare  
The booths that front them ; there,  
To the throng which loiters by in laughing streams  
Babble the criers ; and 'mid eager sounds  
The flaming torches toss to the wind their hair,  
And ruddy in trembling waves the light  
Flushes cheeks of wondering boys  
Assembled, their lips parted and eyes bright,

*Laurence Binyon*

As the medicine-seller his magic herb expounds,  
Or some old man displays his painted toys.  
Deaf with a vacant stillness of the tomb,  
At intervals a road deserted gapes,  
Where night shrinks back into her proper gloom,  
Frighted by boisterous flare  
Of the flame, that now through a cluster of green grapes  
Shines wanly, or on striped apple and smooth pear  
Flits blushing ; now on rug or carpet spread  
In view of the merry buyers, the rude dyes  
Re-crimsons, or an antic shadow throws  
Over the chestnut-brazier's glowing eyes ;  
And now the sleeping head  
Of a gipsy child in his dim corner shows,  
Huddled against a canvas wall, his bed  
An ancient sack : nor torch, nor hundred cries  
Awake him from his sweet profound repose.

But thou, divine moon, with thine equal beam  
Dispensing patience, stealest unawares  
The thoughts of many that pass sorrowful on  
Else undiverted, amid the crowd alone :  
Embroiderest with beauties the worn theme  
Of trouble ; to a fancied harbour calm  
Steerest the widow's ship of heavy cares ;  
And on light spirits of lovers, radiant grown,  
Droppest an unimaginable balm.  
Yet me to-night thy peace rejoices less  
Than this warm human scene, that of rude earth  
Pleasantly savours, nor dissembles mirth,  
Nor grief nor passion : sweet to me this press  
Of life unnumbered, where if hard distress  
Be tyrant, hunger is not fed  
Nor misery pensioned with the ill-tasting bread  
Of pity ; but such help as earth ordains  
Betwixt her creatures, bound in common pains,  
One from another, without prayer, obtains.



## WILLIAM BLANE

Lived long in South Africa, is included in anthologies of South African poets, but published his latest volume since his return to England. "Lays of Life and Hope" (1889); "The Silent Land" (1906); "A Ballad of Men and Other Verses" (1913)

### *A Prayer*

O THOU who unto Jairus' fervent prayer  
Did'st lend Thine ear,  
And to his house amid the crowd repair,  
My pleadings hear.

"My daughter lieth at the point of death,"  
He cried to Thee;  
His words I now repeat with bated breath—  
Oh, hear Thou me!

The crowd oppressed Thee on that fateful day—  
The sick drew nigh  
And sought to touch Thy garment and delay  
Thy passing by.

Till one who tidings unto Jairus bore  
Pressed near and said,  
"Why troublest thou the Master any more?  
Thy child is dead."

O Christ who then beheld that father's face  
And saw his grief,  
Try not my strength so fiercely; of Thy grace  
Grant me relief.

"Talitha Cumi" now no more is said  
When life is flown;  
Haste then, and lay Thy hand upon her head  
Ere she be gone!

*William Blane*

A word from Thee, Lord Christ, a word, a touch  
And all were well !  
To thee so little, and to me how much  
No lips can tell. . . .

Behold how beautiful she is, how dear,  
How sweet, how good,  
Enlinking girlhood in her nineteenth year  
With womanhood.

It seems so short a time since at my knee,  
So dear, so small,  
She knelt and lisped her childish prayer to Thee  
At even-fall.

As round her girlish years my memory clings,  
Tears flow unbid ;  
For I recall a thousand little things  
She said and did.

Alas, my faith and hope are weak indeed ;  
My thoughts are wrong ;  
And humanly, in faltering words, I plead—  
Love only strong.

Oh, if Thou wilt not come, all help is past  
And death is near :  
This night, O Christ, they say may be the last  
For one so dear. . . .

I cannot even frame my prayer aright,  
And only know  
That with her life the loveliness and light  
Of mine would go.

### *The Shepherd*

Forgive me then, O Master ! And if Thou,  
Who knowest best,  
From this poor life of pain and sorrow now  
Would'st give her rest,

Be near her spirit as it steals away  
Beyond our ken ;  
When by her side in helpless love we pray,  
Oh, help her then !

Be near her—let her feel her trembling hand  
Held firm by Thee,  
When first the wonders of the Unknown Land  
Her eyes shall see. . . .

Be near me, too ! When for her voice, her touch,  
I yearn alone—  
Be near me, Lord, for I shall need Thee much  
When she is gone !

### EDMUND BLUNDEN

A pastoral poet, more scholarly than Clare, whose work he edited, but not less true to rural life and character. "Pastorals" (1915) ; "The Barn" ; "Three Poems" (1916) ; "The Waggoner" (1920) ; "The Shepherd and other Poems of Peace and War" (1922).

### *The Shepherd*

EVENING has brought the glow worm to the green,  
And early stars to heaven, and joy to men ;  
The sun is gone, the shepherd leaves the pen  
And hobbles home, while we for leisure lean  
On garden gates. O shepherd old and kind,

*Edmund Blunden*

Sweet may your musings and your slumbers prove !—  
When the rude chairs, of untanned osiers wove,  
Creak to the dead of night, his rest he'll find ;  
And at his feet well pleased his dog will doze,  
And not a traveller passes but he knows.

A country god to every childish eye—  
Who sees the shepherd save when he comes home,  
With untrimmed staff, smock stitched like honeycomb,  
With great-tongued boots, and buskins to the thigh !  
A seer, a country god—as thought conceives  
His oracles of seasons foul or fair,  
His weather-bitten looks and wild white hair  
That on his shoulders thatches like an eaves :  
And he himself, proud of his antique toil,  
Gossips with none that might such honour soil.

Sleep comes upon the village, the rich bee  
From honeyed bells of balsams high is gone ;  
The windows palely shine ; the owls whoop on,  
But bats have slunk into their hollow tree.  
The shepherd hours before has closed his eyes,  
But he unseen will take his staff in hand  
And walk to wake the morning through the land  
Before the cockerel knows 'tis time to rise.  
High on the hill he dares the mist and dew  
And sings before a sunbeam ventures through.

Now when the morning ripens and unfolds  
Like beds of flowers the glories of the plain,  
His heart leaps up at every steeple vane  
And barn and kiln and windmill on the wolds ;  
For boyhood knew them all and not a brook  
But he has bathed and played the miller there ;  
By every green he's hurried to the fair  
And tended sheep in every whitethorn nook.  
Thus dreaming does he hurdle up the pen  
And thinks how soon comes clipping time agen.

## *The Shepherd*

His sheep his children are, each one he knows,  
And well might know, who lay through winter storm  
In cramping hulks with bracken scarce kept warm  
While each one came from the poor frightened yoes.  
He never bids or wants for holiday,  
His sheep his children are and his delight :  
The shepherd's harvest makes the May so bright  
When round his feet the lambs so frisk and play  
And nuzzle in his sleeve and twitch his hand—  
The prettiest dears, he calls them, in the land.

But May, when music grows on every tree,  
Too quickly passes, shepherds'-roses die—  
New dipt and shorn, they still delight the eye :  
How fast they gather to his " Cub—burree " :  
Even crows and jackdaws scrambling for the beans  
Among their troughs are of his rustic clan  
And know him king of bird and sheep and man ;  
And where he breaks his bread the emmet gleans.  
The great sun gives him wisdom, the wind sings  
Clear to his simple heart the hardest things.

The stubble browsing comes, and grand and grave  
Autumn in shadow swathes the rolling weald,  
The blue smoke curls with mocking stealth afild,  
And far off lights, like wild eyes in a cave,  
Stare at the shepherd on the bleaching grounds.  
Deeply he broods on the dark tide of change,  
And starts when echo sharp and sly and strange,  
To his gap-stopping, from the sear wood sounds,  
His very sheep bells seem to bode him ill  
And starling whirlwinds strike his bosom chill.

Then whispering all his eighty years draw nigh,  
And mutter like an Advent mind, and grieve  
At perished summer, bid him take his leave  
Of toil and take some comfort ere he die.  
The hounded leaf has found a tongue to warn

### *Gordon Bottomley*

How fierce the pang of winter, the lead rain  
Brings him old pictures of the drowning plain,  
When even his dog sulks, loath to face the morn,  
The sun drops cold in a watery cloud, the briars  
Like starved arms still snatch at his withered fires.

But shepherd goes to warm him in his chair,  
And in the blaze his dog growls in his dreams,  
And on the hearth the leaping firelight gleams  
That makes him think of one with ruddy hair  
Who kept the sheep in ancient Bethlehem.  
With trusting heart he takes his Bible, reads  
Once more of still green banks and glittering meads  
Where storms are not, nor ever floods to stem;  
Where the kind shepherd never takes them wrong  
And gently leads the ~~goes~~ <sup>goats</sup> that are with young.

### GORDON BOTTOMLEY

His finest work is in his poetical dramas, "King Lear's Wife," "Riding to Lithend," "Midsummer Eve," etc.; but he has written lyrics of charm and delicate beauty. "The Gate of Smaragdus" (1904); "Chambers of Imagery" (1907), second series (1912); "Collected Poems" (1925).

#### *A Carol for Christmas Day Before Dawn*

O, BETHLEM town to-night is cold,  
And Bethlem town is very dark;  
Down tumbling street, on upland wold  
Stir neither wife nor patriarch;  
No travellers the inn-door seek  
Where still the gusty sign-boards creak.

### *Our Lady of Consolation*

The dull, dumb shepherds of the heath  
Are warm beside their wives in bed ;  
The mildewed manger chills beneath  
The wet thatch gaping over-head ;  
The ancient stars are tired and dim  
And no new star announces Him.

Or is it that we cannot hear  
The least of spiritual songs,  
And know not some strange joy more near  
Than too familiar angel-throngs ?—  
Of Him the greater is our need  
Whose life has dwindled to a creed.

Because we know the Lord once woke  
Unto a far-off people's pain,  
We dream, a numb bewildered folk,  
That He might think to come again  
To heal by new, enlightening cares,  
A world more sorrowful than theirs.

### *Our Lady of Consolation*

WE seek you in the garden to and fro,  
Thinking how much it was your loved abode ;  
We gather heartsease from the seed you sowed,  
And every blossom seems a gift from you.  
Then we remember your hushed bed, and go  
Where rosemary and roses round you strewed  
Droop tenderly, by dying faintness bowed,  
While dreams of girlhood smooth your white worn brow.  
Ah, lately lost and always unforgot,  
Come oft unseen and sit with us again  
And soothe us with your old benignity.  
We cannot think you do not share our lot,  
For here your heart was when you were not nigh,  
And all our hearts are with you now as then.

## F. VICTOR BRANFORD

"Titans and Gods" (1922); "Five Poems" (1922); "The White Stallion" (1925).

### *Man*

HE walks the world with mountains in his breast,  
And holds the hiltless wind in vassalage.  
Transtellar spaces are his fields of quest,  
Eternity his spirit's embassy.  
The unearned acre of the firmaments  
Under his hungry harrow, yields increase.  
While from the threshold of dim continents  
They beckon him, who bear the stars in lease.

And yet is he a thane of foreigners,  
On sapphire throned, but in an unkinged house,  
Arrased with honours, brodered in gold sheen—  
A palace in a town of sepulchres.  
Voices he hears, but knows not what they mean,  
His own to him the most mysterious.

## ROBERT BRIDGES

Poet laureate since 1913, and a master of metrical harmonies.  
"Prometheus the Firegiver" (1883); "Eros and Psyche" (1885); "The Growth of Love" (1876-89); "Shorter Poems" (1890-4); "Demeter" (1905); Poetical works (2 vols., 1898-9); Poetical works, excluding the eight dramas (1912).

### *From "The Growth of Love"*

REJOICE, ye dead, where'er your spirits dwell,  
Rejoice that yet on earth your fame is bright;



### *On a Dead Child*

And that your names, remember'd day and night,  
Live on the lips of those that love you well.  
'Tis ye that conquer'd have the power of hell,  
Each with the special grace of your delight :  
Ye are the world's creators, and thro' might  
Of everlasting love ye did excel.

Now ye are starry names, above the storm  
And war of Time and nature's endless wrong  
Ye flit, in pictured truth and peaceful form,  
Wing'd with bright music and melodious song,—  
The flaming flowers of heaven, making May—dance  
In dear Imagination's rich pleasure.

---

THE world still goeth about to shew and hide,  
Befool'd of all opinion, fond of fame :  
But he that can do well taketh no pride,  
And see'th his error, undisturb'd by shame :  
So poor's the best that longest life can do,  
The most so little, diligently done ;  
So mighty is the beauty that doth woo,  
So vast the joy that love from love hath won.

God's love to win is easy, for He loveth  
Desire's fair attitude, nor strictly weighs  
The broken thing, but all alike approveth  
Which love hath aim'd at Him : that is heaven's praise :  
And if we look for any praise on earth,  
'Tis in man's love : all else is nothing worth.

### *On a Dead Child*

PERFECT little body, without fault or stain on thee,  
With promise of strength and manhood full and fair !  
Though cold and stark and bare,  
The bloom and the charm of life doth awhile remain on  
thee.

*Robert Bridges*

Thy mother's treasure wert thou ;—alas ! no longer  
To visit her heart with wondrous joy ; to be  
Thy father's pride ;—ah, he  
Must gather his faith together, and his strength make  
stronger.

To me, as I move thee now in the last duty,  
Dost thou with a turn or gesture anon respond ;  
Startling my fancy fond  
With a chance attitude of the head, a freak of beauty.

Thy hand clasps, as 'twas wont, my finger, and holds it :  
But the grasp is the clasp of Death, heartbreaking  
and stiff ;  
Yet feels to my hand as if  
'Twas still thy will, thy pleasure and trust that enfolds it.

So I lay thee there, thy sunken eyelids closing,—  
Go lie thou there in thy coffin, thy last little bed !—  
Propping thy wise, sad head,  
Thy firm, pale hands across thy chest disposing.

So quiet ! doth the change content thee ?—Death, whither  
hath he taken thee ?  
To a world, do I think, that rights the disaster of this ?  
The vision of which I miss,  
Who weep for the body, and wish but to warm thee and  
awaken thee ?

Ah ! little at best can all our hopes avail us  
To lift this sorrow, or cheer us, when in the dark,  
Unwilling, alone we embark,  
And the things we have seen and have known and have  
heard of, fail us.

*Contentment*

*From " Later Poems "*

ONE grief of thine  
if truth be confest  
Was joy to me ;  
for it drave to my breast  
Thee, to my heart  
to find thy rest.

How long it was  
I never shall know :  
I watcht the earth  
so stately and slow,  
And the ancient things  
that waste and grow.

But now for me  
what speed devours  
Our heavenly life,  
our brilliant hours !  
How fast they fly,  
the stars and flowers !

THOMAS BURKE

Author of " Limehouse Nights," " Nights in Town," " The Outer Circle," " The Wind and the Rain," and other sketches and stories of London life ; of an early book of " Verses," now unobtainable, and " The Song-Book of Quong Lee of Limehouse " (1920).

*Contentment*

WHAT though a man be money-poor ?  
There's honeysuckle by the door,

*Thomas Burke*

Peacefully perfumed lavender,  
And wilding weed and gossamer.

There's plenty cheese and plenty bread,  
And russet ale and apples red ;  
And breezes from the garden bring  
A busy voice that loves to sing

Songs of our happy English clime,  
Of Lily, Lavender, and Lime !  
And children in the sunshine shout  
For joy that tedious school is out.

Indeed, with friends, and cheese, and bread,  
And russet ale, and apples red,  
And honeysuckle by the door,  
Great joy is mine, though I be poor.

*Paddington*

DEEP in a dusk of lilac the station lies,  
Vasty and echo-haunted and fiercely made ;  
Speared all about with suns where the arches rise,  
Leaping on lusty limbs over pools of shade.  
Oh, lovely are her lean lines, and lovely her poise,  
Empanoplying the long, dim frenzy of noise

But her most beauty she holds until the night,  
Even as Love, until the brute day be ended,  
When all her thousand eyes in a tempest of light  
Shatter the cathedral gloom, and show her splendid.  
Splendid we know her, and ever splendid she stands ;  
Clean from the splendid sweat of human hands.

*Night-piece*

LADY, the world is old, and we are young.  
The world is old to-night and full of tears

### *To All Mourners*

And tumbled dreams, and all its songs are sung,  
And echoes rise no more from the tombed years.  
Lady, the world is old, but we are young.

Once only shines the mellow moon so fair ;  
One speck of Time is Love's Eternity.  
Once only can the stars so light your hair,  
And the night make your eyes my psaltery.  
Lady, the world is old. Love still is young.

Let us take hand ere the swift moment end.  
My heart is but a lamp to light your way,  
My song your counsellor, my love your friend,  
Your soul the shrine whereat I kneel and pray.  
Lady, the world grows old. Let us be young.

### C. KENNETT BURROW

Novelist and poet. "London Dead and Other Verses"  
(1908) ; "Carmen Varia" (1912) ; "Poems in Time of War  
and Peace" (1919).

### *To All Mourners*

I DO not bid you, tired ones, cease to weep—  
There is a time for tears ;  
Nor do I bid you less securely keep  
Remembrance of past years :  
I bid you only stand as those who reap  
Amongst life's living ears.

I bid you still look eastward for the light,  
And, musing on the dead,  
Draw to yourselves the beauty and the might

*May Byron*

That with their spirits fled :  
Thus, doubly strong, toil onward through the night  
Fed by this sacred bread.

The granaries of Death cannot withhold  
From you the living seed :  
The empty husk, the hollow tarnished gold,  
His guerdon and his need ;  
But unto you still live the noble-soul'd,  
Still live, and love, and plead.

I do not bid you, tired ones, love them less,  
I bid you love them more ;  
So, in the hour of utter loneliness,  
When soul and sense implore,  
They shall, with holy benediction, bless  
From their serener shore.

MAY BYRON

“The Wind on the Heath” (1911).

*The Fold*

WHEN God shall ope the gates of gold,  
The portals of the heavenly fold,  
And bid his flock find pasture wide  
Upon a new earth's green hill-side—

What poor strayed sheep shall thither fare,  
Black-smirched beneath the sunny air,  
To wash away in living springs  
The mud and mire of earthly things !

### *The Combatant*

What lonely ewes with eyes forlorn,  
With weary feet and fleeces torn,  
To whose shorn back no wind was stayed,  
Nor any rough ways smooth were made !

What happy little lambs shall leap  
To those sad ewes and spattered sheep,  
With gamesome feet and joyful eyes,  
From years of play in Paradise !

The wind is chill, the hour is late ;  
Haste thee, dear Lord, undo the gate ;  
For grim wolf-sorrows prowling range  
These bitter hills of chance and change :

And from the barren wilderness  
With homeward face Thy flocks do press :  
Their worn bells ring a jangled chime—  
Shepherd, come forth, 'tis eventime !

### *The Combatant*

WHEN thou shalt stand, a naked shivering soul,  
Stripped of thy shows and trappings, made most bare  
Of all the fleshly glory thou didst wear—  
And hear the thunder of God's judgment roll  
Above thy head ; while to their hard-won goal  
His own elect ascend the golden stair—  
What plea wilt proffer, when, too late for pray'r,  
Of thy lost life thou see'st the sum and whole ?

“ I have no armour dented by the fight,  
No broken sword, no casque with cloven rim ;  
Was none to witness to the grisly sight,  
For all alone we strove in darkness dim ;  
Yet in the Valley of Death, O Lord, one night,  
I met Apollyon and I vanquished him.”

## SIR HALL CAINE

Though the novelist has left the poet in eclipse, before he became known as a novelist Sir Hall Caine was a poet of distinction, and his poems, chiefly in sonnet form, appeared for the most part in the *Athenæum* and the *Academy* during the '80's, certain of his sonnets winning high praise from Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Edited "Sonnets of Three Centuries" (1882).

### *After Sunset*

VOCAL yet voiceless, lingering, lambent, white  
With the wide wings of evening on the fell,  
The tranquil vale, the enchanted citadel,—  
Another day swoons to another night.  
Speak low : from bare Bencathra's purple height  
The sound o' the ghyll falls furled ; and, loath to go,  
A continent of cloud its plaited snow  
Wears far away athwart a lake of light.

Is it the craft of hell that while we lie  
Enshaded, lulled, beneath heaven's breezeless sky,  
The garrulous clangours and assoil'd shows  
Of London's burrowing mazes haunt us yet ?  
City, forgive me : mother of joys and woes  
Thy shadow is here, and lo, our eyes are wet.

## JOSEPH CAMPBELL

His only book of verse contains a "pageant of the types that stand for the nation of to-day," drawn from almost every part of Ireland. "Irishry" (1913).

### *Loafers*

IF highest Heaven were no more  
Than this : an undulating floor



## *Loafers*

Of flowering furze and lawny grass ;  
White clouds, like ships, that pass and pass ;  
An April sun warming my neck ;  
Two corbies playing at pick-a-back ;  
A lark trilling, a butterfly  
That mounts and falls and flutters by  
My Thoreau open at "Walden Pond" ;  
Blue hills of mystery beyond—  
'Twould be enough. Or, having this,  
Who'd die to win more perfect bliss ?

And who's the wiser ? I, or he  
Who props a wall at Eden Quay,  
And spits innumably between  
His drinks ? while April like a queen  
Rides over noisome lane and street,  
Bringing the breath of meadow-sweet,  
Of flowering furze and daffodils  
That toss their beauty to the hills,  
Of wall-flowers, purple, brown and red,  
And Solomon's-seal with drooping head,—  
And Liffey's ooze meanders rank,  
For all her touch, 'twixt bank and bank.

Heaven is peace. The key is found  
In sightless air, unheeded sound,  
Or such like atrophy of sense  
When consciousness is in suspense :  
The climbing thoughts lulled to a sleep  
Of grey forgetfulness, like sheep  
Gathered to fold : when near is blent  
With distant, and the skyey tent  
Of clouds and trilling larks and sun  
And earth and wind and God are one.  
He's even wise, who props a wall,  
And cares not if it stand or fall !

## WILLIAM CANTON

Has written a "History of the British and Foreign Bible Society" and many other books, but is most widely known as author of "The Invisible Playmate" and "W. V., Her Book," which have a place apart in the literature of childhood. The poems that follow are from the second of Mr. Canton's books of miscellaneous poetry: "A Lost Epic and Other Poems" (1887); "Comrades: Poems Old and New" (1902).

### *The Latter Law*

#### I

WHEN, schooled to resignation, I had ceased  
 To yearn for my lost Eden; when I knew  
 No loving Spirit brooded in the blue,  
 And none should see His coming in the East,  
 I looked for comfort in my creed; I sought  
 To draw all nature nearer, to replace  
 The sweet old myths, the tenderness, the grace  
 Of God's dead world of faith and reverent thought

Oh, joy! I found the stern new Law reveal  
 Romance more rare than poesy creates:  
 Your blood, it said, is kindred with the sap  
 Which throbs within the cedar, and mayhap  
 In some dim wise the tree reciprocates,  
 Even as a Dryad, all the love you feel!

#### II

You and the great glad Earth are kith and kin;  
 There is one base, one scheme of life, one hope  
 On that and this side of the microscope.  
 All things, now wholes, have parts of many been  
 And all shall be. A disk of Homer's blood  
 May redden a daisy on an English lawn,  
 And what was Chaucer glimmer in the dawn  
 To-morrow o'er the plains where Ilion stood.

### *The Latter Law*

No jot is lost, or scorned, or disallowed ;  
One Law reigns over all. Take you no care,  
For while all beings change one life endures,  
And a new cycle waits for you and yours  
To melt away, like streaks of morning cloud,  
Into the infinite azure of things that were.

### III

And soon the selfish clinging unto sense,  
The longing that this ME should never fail,  
Loosed quivering hands, for oh ! of what avail  
Were such survival of intelligence,  
If all the great and good of days gone by—  
Plato, Hypatia, Shakespeare—had surceased,  
Had mingled with the cloud, the plant, the beast,  
And God were but a mythos of the sky ?

And when I thought, o'ershadowed with strange awe,  
How Christ was dead—had ceased in utter woe,  
With that great cry "Forsaken !" on the cross,  
I felt at first a sense of bitter loss,  
And then grew passive, saying, "Be it so !  
'Tis one with Christ and Judas, 'Tis the law !"

### IV

But when my child, my one girl-babe lay dead—  
The blossom of me, my dream and my desire—  
And unshed tears burned in my eyes like fire,  
And when my wife subdued her sobs, and said :  
"*Oh ! husband, do not grieve, be comforted,  
She is with Christ !*" I laughed in my despair.  
With Christ ! O God ! and where is Christ, and where  
My poor dead babe ? And where the countless dead ?

### *Bliss Carman*

The great glad Earth—my kin!—is glad as though  
No child had ever died; the heaven of May  
Leans like a laughing face above my grief.  
Is *she* clean lost for ever? How shall I know?  
O Christ! art Thou still Christ? And shall I pray  
For unbelief or fulness of belief?

### *Heights and Depths*

HE walked in glory on the hills;  
We dalesmen envied from afar  
The heights and rose-lit pinnacles  
Which placed him nigh the evening star.

Upon the peaks they found him dead;  
And now we wonder if he sighed  
For our low grass beneath his head,  
For our rude huts, before he died.

### BLISS CARMAN

Describes himself as a journalist, but his name leads all the rest among past and present poets of Canada. "Low Tide on Grand Pré" (1893); "Ballads of Lost Haven" (1897); "Songs from Vagabondia," and "More Songs from Vagabondia" (with Richard Hovey—1894-6); "Last Songs from Vagabondia" (1900); "Pipes of Pan" (I, 1902; II, 1903); "Songs of the Sea Children" (1904); "Songs from a Northern Garden" (1905); "Earth Deities" (1914); "April Airs" (1916).

### *The Keeper's Silence*

MY hillside garden half-way up  
The mountains from the purple sea,

### *The Keeper's Silence*

Beholds the pomp of days go by  
In summer's gorgeous pageantry.

I watch the shadows of the clouds  
Stream over Grand Pré in the sun,  
And the white fog seethe up and spill  
Over the rim of Blomidon.

For past the mountains to the North,  
Like a great caldron of the tides,  
Is Fundy, boiling round their base,  
And ever fuming up their sides.

Yet here within my valley world  
No breath of all that tumult stirs ;  
The little orchards sleep in peace ;  
Forever dream the dark blue firs.

And while far up the gorges sweep  
The silver legion of the showers,  
I have communion with the grass  
And conversation with the flowers.

More wonderful than human speech  
Their dialect of silence is,  
The simple Dorian of the fields,  
So full of homely subtleties.

When the dark pansies nod to say  
Good morning to the marigolds,  
Their velvet taciturnity  
Reveals as much as it withholds.

*Bliss Carman*

I always half expect to hear  
Some hint of what they mean to do ;  
But never is their fine reserve  
Betrayed beyond a smile or two.

Yet very well at times I seem  
To understand their reticence,  
And so, long since, I came to love  
My little brothers by the fence.

Perhaps some August afternoon,  
When earth is only half-aware,  
They will unlock their hearts for once,—  
How sad if I should not be there !

*From " Songs of the Sea Children "*

O WONDER of all wonders,  
The winter time is done,  
And to the low, bleak, bitter hills  
Comes back the melting sun !

O wonder of all wonders,  
The soft spring winds return,  
And in the sweeping gusts of rain  
The glowing tulips burn !

O wonder of all wonders,  
That tenderness divine,  
Bearing a woman's name should knock  
At this poor door of mine !

*In a Grand Pré Garden*

IN a garden over Grand Pré, dewy in the morning  
sun,  
Here in earliest September with the summer nearly  
done,  
Musing on the lovely world and all its beauties, one by  
one !

Bluets, marigolds, and asters, scarlet poppies, purple  
phlox,—  
Who knows where the key is hidden to those frail yet  
perfect locks  
In the tacit door of being where the soul stands still and  
knocks ?

There is Blomidon's blue sea-wall, set to guard the turbid  
straits  
Where the racing tides have entry ; but who keeps for us  
the gates  
In the mighty range of silence where man's spirit calls  
and waits ?

Where is Glooscaap ? There's a legend of that saviour  
of the West,  
The benign one, whose all-wisdom loved beasts well,  
though men the best,  
Whom the tribes of Minas leaned on, and their villages  
had rest.

Once the lodges were defenceless, all the warriors being  
gone  
On a hunting or adventure. Like a panther on a  
fawn,  
On the helpless stole a war-band, ambushed to attack at  
dawn.

*Bliss Carman*

But with night came Glooscaap. Sleeping he surprised  
them ; waved his bow ;  
Through the summer leaves descended a great frost, as  
white as snow ;  
Sealed their slumber to eternal peace and stillness long  
ago.

Then a miracle. Among them, while still death undid  
their thews,  
Slept a captive with her children. Such the magic he  
could use,  
She arose unharmed with morning, and departing, told  
the news.

He, too, when the mighty Beaver had the country for his  
pond  
All the way from the Pereau here to Bass River and  
beyond,  
Stoned the rascal, drained the Basin ; routed out that  
vagabond.

You can see yourself Five Islands Glooscaap flung at him  
that day,  
When from Blomidon to Sharp he tore the Beaver's dam  
away,—  
Cleared the channel, and the waters thundered out into  
the bay.

*(Do we idle, little children ? Ah, well, there is hope, maybe,  
In mere beauty which enraptures just such ne'er-do-wells  
as we !  
I must go and pick my apples. Malyn will be calling me !)*

Here he left us—see the orchards, red and gold in every  
tree !—  
All the land from Gaspereau to Portapique and Cheverie,  
All the garden lands of Minas and a passage out to sea.



*In a Grand Pré Garden*

You can watch the white-sailed vessels through the  
meadows wind and creep,  
All day long the pleasant sunshine, and at night the starry  
sleep,  
While the labouring tides that rest not have their business  
with the deep !

So I get my myth and legend of a breaker-down of bars,  
Putting gateways in the mountains with their thousand-  
year-old scars,  
That the daring and the dauntless might steer outward by  
the stars.

So my demiurgic hero lays a frost on all our fears.  
Dead the grisly superstition, dead the bigotry of years,  
Dead the tales that frighten children, when the pure white  
light appears.

Thus did Glooscaap of the mountains. What doth  
Balder of the flowers,  
Balder, the white lord of April, who comes back amid the  
showers  
And the sunshine to the Northland to revive this earth  
of ours ?

First, how came my garden, where untimely not a leaf  
may wilt ?  
For a thousand years the currents trenched the rock and  
wheeled the silt,  
Dredged and filled and smoothed and levelled, toiling that  
it might be built.

For the moon pulled and the sun pushed on the derrick of  
the tide ;  
And a great wind heaved and blustered,—swung the  
weight round with a stride,  
Mining tons of red detritus out of the old mountain-side,—

*Bliss Carman*

Bore them down and laid them even by the mouth of  
stream and rill  
For the quiet lowly doorstep, for cemented joist and sill  
Of our Grand Pré, where the cattle lead their shadows or  
lie still.

So my garden floor was founded by the labouring frugal  
sea,  
Deep and virginal as Eden, for the flowers that were to be,  
All for my great drowsy poppies and my marigolds and me.

Who had guessed the unsubstantial end and outcome of  
such toil,—  
These, the children of a summer, whom a breath of frost  
would foil,  
I, almost as faint and fleeting as my brothers of the soil ?

Did those vague and drafty sea-tides, as they journeyed,  
feel the surge  
Of the prisoned life that filled them seven times from  
verge to verge,  
Mounting to some far achievement where its ardour  
might emerge ?

Are they blinder of a purpose in their courses fixed and  
sure,  
Those sea arteries whose heavings throb through Nature's  
vestiture,  
Than my heart's frail valves and hinges which so perilously  
endure ?

Do I say to it, " Give over ! "—Can I will, and will it  
cease ?  
Nay, it stops but with destruction ; knows no respite nor  
release.  
I, who did not start its pulses, cannot bid them be at  
peace.

### *In a Grand Pré Garden*

Thus the great deep, framed and fashioned to a thought  
beyond its own,

Rocked by tides that race or sleep without its will from  
zone to zone,

Setting door-stones for a people in a century unknown,

Sifted for me and my poppies the red earth we love so well.  
Gently there, my fine logician, brooding in your lone grey  
cell !

Was it all for our contentment such a miracle befell ?

No ; because my drowsy poppies and my marigolds and I  
Have this human need in common, nodding as the wind  
goes by,

There is that supreme within us no one life can satisfy.

With their innocent grave faces lifted up to meet my own,  
They are but the stranger people, swarthy children of the  
sun,

Gypsies tenting at our door to vanish ere the year is done.

*(How we idle, little children ! Still our best of tasks may be,  
From distraction and from discord without baseness to get  
free.*

*I must go and pick my apples. Malyn will be calling me !)*

Humbly, then, most humbly ever, little brothers of the  
grass,

With *Aloha* at your doorways I salute you as you pass,  
I who wear the mortal vesture, as our custom ever was.

Known for kindred by the habit, by the tanned and crim-  
son stain,

Earthlings in the garb ensanguined just so long as we  
remain,

You for days and I for seasons mystics by the common  
strain,

*Bliss Carman*

Till we tread the virgin threshold of a great moon red and  
low,  
Clean and joyous while we tarry, and uncraven when we  
go  
From the rooftree of the rain-wind and the broad eaves of  
the snow.

And this thing called life, which frets us like a fever with-  
out name,  
Soul of man and seed of poppy no mortality can tame,  
Smouldering at the core of beauty till it breaks in perfect  
flame,—

What it is I know not ; only I know they and I are one,  
By the lure that bids us linger in the great House of the  
Sun,  
By the fervour that sustains us at the door we cannot  
shun.

From a little wider prospect, I survey their bright domain ;  
On a rounder dim horizon, I behold the ploughman rain ;  
All I have and hold so lightly, they will perish to attain!

Waking at the word of April with the South Wind at her  
heels,  
We await the revelation locked beneath the four great  
seals,  
Ice and snow and dark and silence, where the Northern  
searchlight wheels.

Waiting till our Brother Balder walks the lovely earth  
once more,  
With the robin in the fir-top, with the rain-wind at the  
door,  
With the old unwearied gladness to revive us and restore,

### *In a Grand Pré Garden*

We abide the raptured moment, with the patience of a stone,  
Like ephemera our kindred, transmigrant from zone to  
zone,

To that last fine stage of being where they live on joy alone.

O great Glooscaap and kind Balder, born of human  
heart's desire,

When earth's need took shape and substance, and the  
impulse to aspire

Passed among the new-made peoples, touching the red  
clay with fire,

By the myth and might of beauty, lead us and allure us still,  
Past the open door of wonder and oblivion's granite sill,  
Past the curtains of the sunset in the portals of the hill,

To new provinces of wisdom, sailless latitudes of soul.  
I for one must keep the splendid faith in good your lives  
extol,

Well assured the love you lived by is my being's  
source and goal.

Fearless when the will bids " Venture," or the sleepless  
mind bids " Know,"

Here among my lowly neighbours blameless let me come  
and go,

Till I, too, receive the summons to the silent Tents of  
Snow.

In a garden over Grand Pré, bathed in the serenity  
Of the early autumn sunlight, came these quiet thoughts  
to me,

While the wind went down the orchard to the dikes and  
out to sea.

*(Idling yet ? My flowery children, only far too well I see  
How this day will glow forever in my life that is to be !  
I must go and pick my apples. There is Malyn calling me !)*

## GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

'There is enough poetry in the wit and humour and idealistic or grotesque fantasy of Mr. Chesterton's essays and novels to rank him as a poet even if he had written no verse. The wit and humour, fantasy, emotion, high seriousness that are in his one play, " Magic," are characteristic of all his work, including his poems. " The Wild Knight " (1900) ; " The Ballad of the White Horse " (1913) ; " Poems " (1915) ; " The Ballad of St. Barbara " (1923).

### *The Donkey*

WHEN fishes flew and forests walked  
And figs grew upon thorn,  
Some moment when the moon was blood  
Then surely I was born.

With monstrous head and sickening cry  
And ears like errant wings,  
The devil's walking parody  
On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,  
Of ancient crooked will ;  
Starve, scourge, deride me : I am dumb,  
I keep my secret still.

Fools ! For I also had my hour ;  
One far fierce hour and sweet ;  
There was a shout about my ears,  
And palms before my feet.

### *The Praise of Dust*

“WHAT of vile dust?” the preacher said.

Methought the whole world woke,  
The dead stone lived beneath my foot,  
And my whole body spoke.

“You, that play tyrant to the dust,  
And stamp its wrinkled face,  
This patient star that flings you not  
Far into homeless space,

“Come down out of your dusty shrine  
The living dust to see,  
The flowers that at your sermon’s end  
Stand blazing silently.

“Rich white and blood-red blossom stones,  
Lichens like fire encrust,  
A gleam of blue, a glare of gold,  
The vision of the dust.

“Pass them all by: till, as you come  
Where, at a city’s edge,  
Under a tree—I know it well—  
Under a lattice ledge,

“The sunshine falls on one brown head.  
You, too, O cold of clay,  
Eater of stones, may haply hear  
The trumpets of that day

“When God to all his paladins  
By His own splendour swore  
To make a fairer face than heaven,  
Of dust and nothing more.”

## WILFRED ROWLAND CHILDE

"The Little City" (1911); "The Escaped Princess" (1916);  
"The Hills of Morning" (1921); "The Gothic Rose"  
(1922); "The Garland of Armour" (1923).

### *Vespers*

THE light is going away from the dear world :  
It is all vanished with the sunken sun ;  
Into long lines of rest the clouds are curled,  
And slumber—all but one.

That, hung up-piled, shines over all its height  
With loveliest gold and rose of softened fire,  
Borrowing from the west unearthlier light,  
As it mounts slowly higher.

Quietly like a dream the evening  
Droops with its dim veils on the silent wood :  
A few brown birds make deeper as they sing  
The heavenly solitude.

Ah, blessed dream ! surely I seem to see  
How in Her place of light where no wind blows,  
Shines in Her glorious virginity  
The White and Mystic Rose.

Alas ! the darkness falls upon my vision,  
And on the woods it falls, and on the lands ;  
Yet, though the cities hold it in derision,  
The City of Heaven stands.



## RICHARD CHURCH

“The Flood of Life and Other Poems” (1917); “Philip and Other Poems” (1923).

### *The Nightingale*

THE day has sunk exhausted with his strife,  
And even yet the western sky is stained  
With lightless glooms of blood. The ebbing life  
Flames fitfully; and, noiseless, unrestrained,  
The midnight fantasy of summer fire  
Reveals the murmuring forest, and is gone  
Before the startled leap of my desire  
Can tell my heart what it has gazed upon.  
Desire! The hour is rich with sudden hopes;  
The night is odorous with life and love.  
Desire! What is that throbbing from the slopes  
Of the dark hill, deep in the silent grove?  
The sullen night is troubled with thy fire,  
Oh tragic voice of all the world's desire.

## ETHEL CLIFFORD

“Songs of Dreams” (1903); “Love's Journey” (1905).

### *Had Sappho Lived*

NAY, take the gold I offer, I am old  
And blind, but I have looked upon Love's face  
And trod the secret ways you wander in.  
You think because my fires are dead and cold  
That I have never known the altar-place,  
Nor seen the hidden sanctuary within.

*Ethel Clifford*

Yet once I ran as happy maidens run,  
And climbed the windy hill, and searched the lea  
For garlands, till Love burned away my heart.  
And then I sang no more, nor sought the sun,  
Nor listened to the ever-singing sea,  
But sat by grey-leaved willows all apart.

Till, through the willows whispering in the rain,  
There came a voice that cried : " Is all Life told  
And counted naught because Love shuts one door ? "  
Then reached I for my harp and sang again,  
And gathered all my sorrows into gold,  
And of my grief made gladness for the poor

'The watching shepherds sing my words at night ;  
Rich merchants send me many and great gifts  
'To make them songs. Now am I old and blind,  
Yet still my spirit strains towards the light,  
Like to a new-fledged lark that soars and lifts,  
But knows not what's to seek or what's to find

So take my gift, and round your slender throat  
Set jewelled chains, and call your lover near.  
His eyes shall find your fairness grown more fair ;  
His hands shall find the jewels that denote  
Your beauty's worth ; his heart shall find both dear,  
Nor ever know which holds him closer there.

Love goes about the earth in many a guise :  
Ask not too closely of the name he bears  
When he shall pause beside your open gate.  
Stretch forth your hands and question not his eyes.  
The way is long for whoso lonely fares,  
And bare the singly woven web of Fate.

### *The Song in the Valley*

The poor refuse not bread, the thirsty wine ;  
What hunger and what thirst like that of Love ?  
I that had nothing am now rich for you.  
Buy with my gold the thing you count divine :  
Earth often gives what is refused above,  
And mortals pay the debt from heaven due.

### *The Song in the Valley*

HOW softly comes the night. The thousand fires  
The new-waked stars have lit beyond the sky  
Shine dim and distant as war-beacons show  
To one too old to hear the rallying-cry.

A slow contentment in the valley broods,  
Far from the swift unrest of higher airs.  
Does Fate grow kinder at the journey's end,  
Or is it we grow wiser in our prayers ?

Yet sometimes, through the sleepy valley's peace,  
I hear, from deep within my heart, the song  
We heard when, morning-young upon the hill,  
We yearned towards the battle, being strong.

We thought together we should hold the stars ;  
We took the sun in heaven for a sign  
We should together win the earth, and sit  
In Honour's hall and drink the heroes' wine.

And now the journey ends, and we have won  
No kingdom ; yet not quite uncrowned we go :  
For Love was ours and all the songs Love sings,  
The dreams that those who love not cannot know

*Helena Coleman*

Since everything must pass and we must pass—

We have seen the world and played in it our parts—  
Give me your hand and draw me through the porch  
Of sleep, the sanctuary of pilgrim hearts.

HELENA COLEMAN

Canadian poet. "Marching Men : War Verses" (1917).

*The Fields are Green in Canada*

*(Written in Wartime)*

THE fields are green in Canada,  
And bloom is on the bough,  
The orchards by the farmhouse  
Are just a glory now ;  
The thorn-trees by the fences,  
The lilacs by the door,  
Seem more intent on blooming than  
They ever did before.

*But there are eyes in Canada  
That cannot see for tears,  
And there are hearts in Canada  
Grown weary with their fears,  
The nesting-birds of Canada,  
They pipe to deafened ears.*

The April woods of Canada  
Harbour the sweetest things—  
A flash of lilting rapture  
Mere recollection brings ;  
Hepaticas and violets  
And all the fairy train  
Run out in rosy pathways to  
Subdue the world again.

### *A Cradle Song*

*But who is there in Canada  
Has any mind to-day  
To roam the woods of Canada  
Or count the flowers of May,  
When Sorrow walks in Canada  
And Grief has mind to stay?*

Yet is there bloom in Canada  
With scent of other life  
Plucked from the fields of burning,  
Snatched from the hands of strife ;  
And they who won it, silenced  
Just at the turn of dawn,  
Their names shall long remembered be  
When ours are dimmed and gone—

*They made a song for Canada  
Shall ring the world around,  
Though hearts may grieve, yet Canada  
Forever more is crowned,  
And these green fields of Canada  
Henceforth are sacred ground.*

### PADRIAC COLUM

Irish poet and dramatist. "Wild Earth" (1901).

### *A Cradle Song*

O, MEN from the fields !  
Come gently within.  
Tread softly, softly,  
O ! men coming in.

### *Padriac Colum*

Mayourneen is going  
From me and from you,  
Where Mary will fold him  
With mantle of blue !

From reek of the smoke  
And cold of the floor,  
And the peering of things  
Across the half-door.

O, men from the fields !  
Soft, softly come thro',  
Mary puts round him  
Her mantle of blue.

### *The Plougher*

SUNSET and silence ! A man : around him earth  
savage, earth broken ;  
Beside him two horses—a plough !

Earth savage, earth broken, the brutes, the dawn man  
there in the sunset,  
And the Plough that is twin to the Sword, that is founder  
of cities !

“ Brute-tamer, plough-maker, earth-breaker ! Can'st  
hear ? There are ages between us.

“ Is it praying you are as you stand there alone in the sunset ?

“ Surely our sky-born gods can be naught to you, earth  
child and earth master ?

“ Surely your thoughts are of Pan, or of Wotan, or Dana ?

“ Yet, why give thought to the gods ? Has Pan led  
your brutes where they stumble ?

“ Has Dana numbed pain of the child-bed, or Wotan  
put hands to your plough ?

### *Fate*

“What matter your foolish reply ! O, man, standing  
lone and bowed earthward,  
“Your task is a day near its close. Give thanks to the  
night-giving God.”

Slowly the darkness falls, the broken lands blend with  
the savage ;  
The brute tamer stands by the brutes, a head's breadth  
only above them.

A head's breadth ? Ay, but therein is hell's depth, and  
the height up to heaven,  
And the thrones of the gods and their halls, their chariots,  
purples, and splendours.

### WILLIAM LEONARD COURTNEY

Editor of the *Fortnightly*, and for many years literary  
editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, author of divers works in  
philosophy and literary criticism, of “Kit Marlowe,” a  
drama, “Undine,” etc.

### *Fate*

HIGH in the spaces of sky  
Reigns inaccessible Fate :  
Yields she to prayer or to cry ?  
Answers she early or late ?

Change and re-birth and decay,  
Dawning and darkness and light—  
Creatures they are of a day,  
Lost in a pitiless night.

*William Leonard Courtney*

Men are like children who play  
Unknown by an unknown sea :  
Centuries vanish away—  
She waits—the eternal She.

Nay, but the gods are afraid  
Of the hoary Mother's nod ;  
They are of things that are made,  
She the original God.

They have seen dynasties fall  
In ruin of what has been :  
Her no upheavals appal—  
Silent, unmoved and serene.

Silent, unmoved and serene,  
Reigns in a world uncreate,  
Eldest of Gods and their Queen,  
Featureless, passionless Fate.

*Death*

GRIEF, and the ache of things that pass and fade,  
The stately pomp, the pall, the open grave,  
These and the solemn thoughts which cannot save  
Our eyes from tears, nor make us less afraid  
Of that dread mystery which God has made :—  
How many thousand thousand men who wave  
Speechless farewells, with hearts forlornly brave,  
Know well the mockery of Death's parade ?

This cannot help us to transgress the bounds,  
Nor give us wings to overpass the steep  
Ramparts of Heaven which God's angels keep :  
Wide is the "great gulf fixed" : for us the mounds  
Of fresh-turned earth ; above, sweet peace surrounds  
The painless patience of eternal sleep.



### *Hereafter*

οὐλος ὄρα, οὐλος δὲ νοεῖ οὐλος δὲ τ' ἀκούει.

—XENOPHANES.

“There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest.”—ECCLESIASTES ix. 10.

I WAIT for thee, belovèd : and my heart,  
Merged in the ocean of infinitude  
Wherein all thoughts and hopes and passions brood  
In dreamful slumber mid a world apart,  
Dreams of that mortal sphere, where still thou art ;  
There rings no human speech, no human mood  
Stirs, where the All in frozen solitude  
Plays on a boundless stage his awful part.

Yet if thou camest where the unmoving main  
Breaks with no sound upon its ice-girt shore,  
I think thy love, changing the changeless scene,  
Might spread in widening circles, more and more,  
Might waken passion's cry for what had been,  
And fire the ancient pulse of joy and pain.

### ZORA CROSS

Australian poet. “Songs of Love and Life” ; “The City of Riddle-Me-Ree” ; “The Lilt of Life” (1918).

#### *Love Sonnet—XXXV*

I CANNOT find a fault in you ; and yet  
I think you are not perfect in many ways.  
I have seen lips more meet for maiden praise  
And eyes less shadowed with a grey regret.

### *Zora Cross*

But pure perfection of your love has let  
The tenant mirrors of my mind such rays,  
All other men reflect a smoky haze  
And in the murk their virtues I forget.

He knows not perfect who has found the best,  
Nor worth who would deny unworthiness.  
But meanest flowers are fair as any rose  
When blowing fragrant to our least behest.  
So you are perfect in my heart no less  
For that unworthiness my poor mind knows.

### *The Birthday of the Dead*

WHERE'ER I turn to-night, I see a child  
With brown, unribboned hair ;  
Smiling soft-eyed at me, as once I smiled ;  
And fair, as I was fair.

Her little hands are plaiting flowers and ferns,  
Her tiny feet are crossed.  
Sometimes she sings, and through her carol burns  
The youth that I have lost.

I know her grave is green upon the hill—  
She died in infancy—  
And yet how pensive, and how very still,  
She sits and smiles at me.

I'll say, this time next year : " She'd have been nine  
Had earth not been her bed."  
Her little years increase and bloom with mine—  
Ah ! how can she be dead ?

## GERALD H. CROW

“ Chosen Poems ” (1915) ; “ The Island ” (1919).

### *The Cloister*

WE will put off the world's dishonoured weeds  
And all her tattered motley, we who strove  
And are tired out ; with quiet footsteps move  
To where His body is broken and yearns and pleads,  
Where God is not an argument for creeds  
To bandy in mutual scorn but a great love,  
And we are sure because we cannot prove  
Save by the solacing of many needs :  
And where for us with our last office said,  
Our prayers and fastings over, shall be found  
A nameless peaceful resting where the sound  
Cometh but faintly to their tranquil head,  
Through the mid-quiet of the cloister-ground,  
Of sacrifices for the blessed dead.

### *“ When We Are Old ”*

WHEN we are old, so old that our own youth  
Shews like a play we saw, shall we be glad  
We served their custom or their fear like truth,  
And failed the proper wisdom our hearts had !  
Bethink you now the lily dies, the rose  
Falls and forgets ; and how shall we keep love  
More than a lily-while, when we must lose  
Our beauty and all the wonderment thereof ?  
Sufficient day by day till love goes over  
Is this our perishable desert bread.  
Love unenjoyed is lost, O perfect lover.  
Not stored ; and how shall we be comforted ?  
For whoso treasure up dead roses weep  
Over the dead loves that they could not keep.

## GERALD CUMBERLAND

Novelist, dramatist and dramatic and musical critic, who, in "Set Down in Malice," and "Written in Friendship," freely criticized contemporary authors, composers, and others.

"Rosalys and Other Poems" (1919).

### *Undying Wonder*

FOR me life has no joys but these :  
To search for new discoveries,

To burn my flesh at life's great fire,  
To quench my soul of its desire,

To rise upon ambition's wings  
To risk my life for gorgeous things.

But new discoveries soon blend  
With stale regret, and then they end.

And the fire of life that once was hot  
Soon fades and fails, and then is not.

And the soul soon wearies of desire,  
And all ambition must expire.

But Thou art fire that never dies,  
Thou art desire that bounds the skies.

Thou art ambition's tireless wings,  
Thou art the soul that always sings.

So, though the whole world fades and dies,  
I still find wonder in Thine eyes.

CHARLES DALMON

“ A Poor Man's Riches : A Bundle of Lyrics ” (1922).

*The Ancient Faith*

O NEVER say that Pan is dead,  
And every nymph and satyr fled,  
Though, in these days of faithless pride,  
Men seldom seek the countryside  
On simple pilgrimage to find  
The magic that Pan leaves behind !

I saw a cherry tree in flower,  
All radiant from a passing shower ;  
Against the deep blue sky it shone,  
Most beautiful to look upon :  
And from the midst of that fair tree  
A dryad leaned and smiled to me.

No mortal maid was ever seen  
So lovely as that cherry queen !  
Hers was the face that sometimes looks  
From pages of enchanted books  
Where loving workmanship portrays  
The beautiful of bygone days.

And if you doubt all ancient lore,  
And say that satyrs are no more,  
There's many a Sussex croft will show  
The marks that, even children know,  
Are made upon the grassy ground  
By faeries dancing round and round.

O never say that Pan is dead !  
But listen for his pipes instead ;  
And listen, listen till you hear  
His merry music ; sweet and clear  
It comes to all the faithful who  
Still listen as men used to do.

## WILLIAM HENRY DAVIES

Has told the story of his nomadic life in "The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp," and found in the hardships and careless freedom of his town and country wanderings inspiration for some of the most starkly realistic and exquisitely flower-like lyrics and ballads in the language. His songs sing themselves and have the beautiful simplicity of unpremeditated art. "The Soul's Destroyer" (1907); "New Poems" (1907); "Farewell to Poesy" (1910); "Songs of Joy" (1911); "Foliage" (1913); "Collected Poems" (1910-23).

### *April's Charms*

WHEN April scatters coins of primrose gold  
Among the copper leaves in thickets old,  
And singing skylarks from the meadows rise,  
To twinkle like black stars in sunny skies ;

When I can hear the small woodpecker ring  
Time on a tree for all the birds that sing ;  
And hear the pleasant cuckoo, loud and long—  
The simple bird that thinks two notes a song ;

When I can hear the woodland brook, that could  
Not drown a babe, with all his threatening mood ;  
Upon whose bank the violets make their home,  
And let a few small strawberry blossoms come :

When I go forth on such a pleasant day,  
One breath outdoors takes all my care away ;  
It goes like heavy smoke, when flames take hold  
Of wood that's green and fill a grate with gold.

### *The Kingfisher*

IT was the Rainbow gave thee birth,  
And left thee all her lovely hues ;  
And, as her mother's name was Tears,  
So runs it in thy blood to choose  
For haunts the lonely pools, and keep  
In company with trees that weep.

Go you and, with such lovely hues,  
Live with proud peacocks in green parks ;  
On lawns as smooth as shining glass,  
Let every feather show its mark ;  
Get thee on boughs and clap thy wings  
Before the windows of proud kings.

Nay, lovely Bird, thou art not vain ;  
Thou hast no proud ambitious mind ;  
I also love a quiet place  
That's green, away from all mankind ;  
A lonely pool, and let a tree  
Sigh with her bosom over me.

### *Sweet Stay-at-Home*

SWEET' Stay-at-Home, sweet Well-content,  
Thou knowest of no strange continent :  
Thou hast not felt thy bosom keep  
A gentle motion with the deep ;  
Thou hast not sailed in Indian seas,  
Where scent comes forth in every breeze.  
Thou hast not seen the rich grape grow  
For miles, as far as eyes can go ;  
Thou hast not seen a summer's night  
When maids could sew by a worm's light ;  
Nor the North Sea in spring send out  
Bright hues that like birds flit about  
In solid cages of white ice—

*William Henry Davies*

Sweet Stay-at-Home, sweet Love-one-place.  
Thou hast not seen black fingers pick  
White cotton when the bloom is thick,  
Nor heard black throats in harmony ;  
Nor hast thou sat on stones that lie  
Flat on the earth, that once did rise  
To hide proud kings from common eyes,  
Thou hast not seen plains full of bloom  
Where green things had such little room  
They pleased the eye like fairy flowers—  
Sweet Stay-at-Home, all these long hours.  
Sweet Well-content, sweet Love-one-place,  
Sweet simple maid, bless thy dear face ;  
For thou hast made more homely stuff  
Nurture thy gentle self enough ;  
I love thee for a heart that's kind—  
Not for the knowledge in thy mind.

*The Likeness*

WHEN I came forth this morn I saw  
Quite twenty cloudlets in the air ;  
And then I saw a flock of sheep,  
Which told me how those clouds came there.

'That flock of sheep, on the green grass,  
Well might it lie so still and proud,  
Its likeness had been drawn in heaven,  
On a blue sky, in silvery cloud.

I gazed me up, I gazed me down,  
And swore, though good the likeness was,  
'Twas a long way from justice done  
To such white wool, such sparkling grass.



EDWARD DAVISON

“ Poems by Four Authors ” (1923).

*Between Heaven and Charing Cross*

WHEN the silence guards thy breath  
And a darkness hides thy head,  
Doubt, a paler shape than Death,  
Draws me dreaming from thy bed.

Softly do I seek the street  
Where the unhappy shadows move,  
Pacing on intent to meet  
The spirit that I still might love.

I dream of calm that has not been,  
And never can be till I find  
The long withheld, the still unseen,  
The spiritual mistress mind.

Thou sleepest through oblivion  
Where no lost step could echo in,  
While thy pale sisters one by one  
Tread the footworn moonlight thin.

Their bright shoes glimmer as they pass  
Their writhen shadows ebb and flow  
From lamp to lamp as in a glass  
Upon the shining flags below.

Sadly I scan each fading face  
With a brief and steady glance,  
Their dark despiteous looks abase  
My hope and turn my eyes askance.

*Mrs. C. A. Dawson-Scott*

They pass away in gradual waves  
Down to the mine of darkness soon ;  
The houses stand like stones on graves,  
The streets are empty in the moon.

Beyond an atmospheric wall  
Thy dim and fearful lights decline,  
And I come wondering after all  
If that calm spirit can be thine.

MRS. C. A. DAWSON-SCOTT

Author of "Anna Beames," "They Green Stones," and other novels remarkable for their literary quality and realistic power, and of four volumes of poems, "Sappho," "Idyls of Womanhood," "Beyond," and "Bitter Herbs" (1923), which contains perhaps her most characteristic work in poetry.

*Walls*

I

SUNSHINE

Beating on shattered nurseries, on steps  
Immaculately white, breaking  
Into this crypt.

Thick walls, and lined with confined thought,  
Portraits of the forgotten, samplers stitched  
By fingers dust an hundred years.

He to his office in the busy town, while I,  
With those dark chambers overhead, must sweep and sew  
Through the interminable days,  
The narrowing years—

## *Walls*

Is it a thrush  
Or gipsy fluting in the lane ?

### II

Walls  
About a hearth, to fend  
From faltering flesh the javelins of the rain,  
Ay—and the stabbing whisper.

For satin shoes the paved familiar path  
Between the lilies, in the trim  
Dutch garden, where the dial cuts  
Time into hours.

Will no one hush  
That wild sweet piping in the lane ?

### III

A prison of thick walls  
Holding a little stagnant air, a heart  
In durance ;  
While the road  
In bite and burn of weather,  
The desperate adventure of the road,  
Beckons.

At eve the fire of sticks beside the way  
And love's gift pressed  
To the full bosom.

### IV

From the pale swathe of tents beside the beck  
A gipsy, calling. . . .

## WALTER DE LA MARE

In his novels and stories, no less than in his poems and in his delightful verse for children, Mr. de la Mare is usually at home in a familiar world of men and women which is not so much haunted by the spirit world, with its fays and elves and gnomes and ghostly peoples, as a natural part of it. He is sometimes as eerie and bizarre as Poe ; sometimes as quaintly fantastic as Lamb ; and often blends the divers qualities of both. "Songs of Childhood" (1902) ; "Poems" (1916) ; "The Listeners" (1912) ; "Peacock Pie" (1913) ; "Collected Poems" (1920) ; "The Veil and Other Poems" (1921).

### *England*

NO lovelier hills than thine have laid  
My tired thoughts to rest ;  
No peace of lovelier valleys made  
Like peace within my breast.

Thine are the woods whereto my soul ,  
Out of the noontide beam,  
Flees for a refuge green and cool  
And tranquil as a dream.

Thy breaking seas like trumpets peal ;  
Thy clouds—how oft have I  
Watched their bright towers of silence steal  
Into Infinity !

My heart within me faints to roam  
In thought even far from thee :  
Thine be the grave whereto I come,  
And thine my darkness be.

### *The Sleeper*

AS Ann came in one summer's day,  
She felt that she must creep,  
So silent was the clear cool house,  
It seemed a house of sleep.  
And sure, when she pushed open the door,  
Rapt in the stillness there,  
Her mother sat with stooping head,  
Asleep upon a chair ;  
Fast—fast asleep ; her two hands laid  
Loose-folded on her knee,  
So that her small unconscious face  
Looked half unreal to be :  
So calmly lit with sleep's pale light  
Each feature was ; so fair  
Her forehead—every trouble was  
Smoothed out beneath her hair.  
But though her mind in dream now moved  
Still seemed her gaze to rest—  
From out beneath her fast-sealed lids,  
Above her moving breast—  
On Ann ; as quite, quite still she stood ;  
Yet slumber lay so deep,  
Even her hand upon her lap  
Seemed saturate with sleep.  
And as Ann peeped, a cloudlike dread  
Stole over her, and then,  
On stealthy, mouselike feet she trod  
And tiptoed out again.

### *The Song of Shadows*

SWEEP thy faint strings, Musician,  
With thy long lean hand ;  
Downward the starry tapers burn  
Sinks soft the waning sand ;

*Walter De La Mare*

The old hound whimpers couched in sleep,  
The embers smoulder low ;  
Across the walls the shadows  
Come and go.

Sweep softly thy strings, Musician,  
The minutes mount to hours ;  
Frost on the windless casement weaves  
A labyrinth of flowers ;  
Ghosts linger on the darkening air,  
Hearken at the open door ;  
Music hath called them, dreaming,  
Home once more.

*Winter Dusk*

DARK frost was in the air without,  
The dusk was still with cold and gloom,  
When less than even a shadow came  
And stood within the room.

But of the three around the fire,  
None turned a questioning head to look,  
Still read a clear voice, on and on,  
Still stooped they o'er their book.

The children watched their mother's eyes  
Moving on softly line to line ;  
It seemed to listen too—that shade,  
Yet made no outward sign.

The fire-flames crooned a tiny song,  
No cold wind stirred the wintry tree ;  
The children both in Faërie dreamed  
Beside their Mother's knee.

### *My Son*

And nearer yet that spirit drew  
Above that heedless one, intent  
Only on what the simple words  
Of her small story meant.

No voiceless sorrow grieved her mind,  
No memory her bosom stirred,  
Nor dreamed she as she read to two  
'Twas surely three who heard.

Yet when, the story done, she smiled  
From face to face, serene and clear,  
A love, half dead, sprang up, as she  
Leaned close and drew them near.

### C. J. DENNIS

Few Australian poets have been more popular in their own country or in ours. Writes in the vernacular, with a vein of true poetry running through the racy humour of his verse. "Back Block Ballads" (1913); "'The Songs of a Sentimental Bloke" (1915); "Digger Smith" (1919).

### *My Son*

MY son ! . . . Them words, jist like a blessed song,  
Is singin' in me 'eart the ole day long ;  
Over an' over ; while I'm scared I'll wake  
Out of a dream, to find it all a fake.

My son ! Two little words, that, yesterdee,  
Wus jist two simple, senseless words to me ;  
An' now—no man, not since the world begun,  
Made any better pray'r than that. . . . My son !

C. J. Dennis

My son an bloomin' 'eir . . . Ours ! . . . 'Ers an'  
mine !

The finest kid in—Aw, the sun don't shine—  
Ther' ain't no joy for me beneath the blue  
Unless I'm gazin' lovin' at them two.

A little while ago it was jist " me "—  
A lonely, longin' streak o' misery.  
An' then 'twas " 'er an' me "—Doreen, my wife  
An' now it's " 'im an' us " an'—sich is life.

But 'struth ! 'e is king-pin ! The 'ead serang !  
I mustn't tramp about, or talk no slang ;  
I mustn't pinch 'is nose, or make a face,  
I mustn't—Strike ! 'E seems to own the place !

Cunnin' ? Yeh'd think to look into 'is eyes,  
'E knoo the game clean thro' ; 'e seems that wise.  
Wiv 'er an' nurse 'e is the leadin' man,  
An' poor ole dad's amongst the " also ran."

" Goog, goo," 'e sez, an' curls 'is cunnin' toes.  
Yeh'd be su'prised the 'caps o' things 'e knows.  
I'll swear 'e tumbles I'm 'is father, too ;  
The way 'e squints at me, an' sez, " Goog, goo."

Why ! 'smornin', 'ere 'is lordship gets a grip  
Fair on my finger—give it quite a nip !  
An' when I tugs 'e won't let go 'is hold !  
'Angs on like that ! An' 'im not three weeks old !

" Goog, goo," 'e sez. I'll swear yeh never did  
In all yer natcheril, see sich a kid.  
The cunnin' ways 'e's got ; the knowin' stare—  
Ther' ain't a youngster like 'im *anywhere* !



## *My Son*

An', when 'e gets a little pain inside,  
'Is dead straight griffin ain't to be denied.  
I'm sent to talk sweet nuffin's to the fowls ;  
While nurse turns 'and-springs ev'ry time 'e 'owls.

But say, I tell yeh straight . . . I been thro' 'ell !  
The things I thort I wouldn't dare to tell  
Lest, in the tellin', I might feel again  
One little part of all that fear an' pain.

It come so sudden that I lorst me block.  
First, it was, 'Ell-fer-leather to the doc.,  
'Oo took it all so calm 'e made me curse—  
An' then I sprints like mad to get the nurse.

By gum ; that woman ! But she beat me flat !  
A man's jist putty in a game like that.  
She owned me 'appy 'ome almost before  
She'd fairly got 'er nose inside the door.

Sweatin' I was ; but cold wiv fear inside—  
An' then, to think a man could be denied  
'Is wife an' 'ome an' told to fade away  
By jist one fat old nurse 'oo's in 'is pay !

I was too weak wiv funk to start an' rouse.  
'Struth ! Ain't a man the boss in 'is own 'ouse ?  
" You go an' chase yerself ! " she tips me straight.  
" Ther's nothin' now fer you to do but—wait."

Wait ? . . . Gawd ! . . . I never knoo what waitin'  
meant  
In all me life, till that day I was sent  
To loaf around, while there inside—Aw, strike !  
I couldn't tell yeh wot that hour was like !

*C. J. Dennis*

Three times I comes to listen at the door ;  
Three times I drags meself away once more ;  
'Arf dead wiv fear ; 'arf filled wiv tremblin' joy . . .  
An' then she beckons me, an' sez—" A boy ! "

" A boy ! " she sez. " An' bofe is doin' well ! "  
I drops into a chair, an' jist sez—" 'Ell ! "  
It was a pray'r. I feels bofe crook an' glad . . .  
An' that's the strength of bein' made a dad.

I thinks of church, when in that room I goes,  
'Oldin' me brea'f an' walkin' on me toes.  
Fer 'arf a mo' I feared me nerve 'ud fail  
To see 'er lying there so still an' pale.

She looks so frail, at first, I dursn't stir.  
An' then, I leans acrost an' kisses 'er ;  
An' all the room gets sorter blurred an' dim . . .  
She smiles, an' moves 'er 'ead. " Dear lad ! Kiss  
'im."

Near smothered in a ton of snowy clothes,  
First thing, I sees a bunch o' stubby toes,  
Bald 'ead, termater face, an' two big eyes.  
" Look, Kid," she smiles at me. " Ain't 'e a size ? "

'E didn't seem no sorter size to me ;  
But yet, I speak no lie when I agree ;  
" 'E is," I sez, an' smiles back at Doreen.  
" 'The biggest nipper fer 'is age I've seen."

She turns away ; 'er eyes is brimmin' wet.  
" Our little son ! " she sez. " Our precious pet ! "  
An' then, I seen a great big drop roll down  
An' fall—kersploh !—fair on 'is nibs's crown.

## *My Son*

An' still she smiles. "A lucky sign," she said.  
"Somewhere, in some ole book, one time I read,  
'The child will sure be blest all thro' the years  
Who's christened wiv 'is mother's 'appy tears.'"

"Kiss 'im," she sez. I was afraid to take  
Too big a mouthful of 'im, fear 'e'd break.  
An' when 'e gits a fair look at me phiz  
'E puckers up 'is nose, an' then—Geewhizz !

'Ow *did* 'e 'owl ! In 'arf a second more  
Nurse 'ad me 'ustled clean outside the door.  
Scarce knowin' 'ow, I gits out in the yard,  
An' leans agen the fence an' thinks reel 'ard.

A long, long time I looks at my two 'ands.  
"They're all I got," I thinks, "they're all that stands  
'Twixt this 'ard world an' them I calls me own.  
An' fer their sakes I'll work 'em to the bone."

Them vows an' things sounds like a lot o' guff.  
Maybe, it's foolish thinkin' all this stuff—  
Maybe, it's childish-like to scheme an' plan ;  
But—I dunno—it's that way wiv a man.

I only know that kid belongs to me !  
We ain't decided yet wot 'e's to be.  
Doreen, she sez 'e's got a poit's eyes ;  
But I ain't got much use fer them soft guys.

I think we ought to make 'im something great—  
A bookie, or a champeen 'eavy-weight :  
Some callin' that'll give 'im room to spread.  
A fool could see 'e's got a clever 'ead.

I knows 'e's good an' honest ; for 'is eyes  
Is jist like 'ers ; so big an' lovin'-wise ;

## *May Doney*

They carries peace an' trust where'er they goes.  
An', say, the nurse she sez 'e's got my nose !

Dead ring fer me ole conk, she sez it is.  
More like a blob of putty on 'is phiz,  
I think. But 'e's a fair 'ard case, all right.  
I'll swear I thort 'e wunk at me last night !

My wife an' fam'ly ! Don't it sound all right !  
That's wot I whispers to meself at night.  
Some day, I s'pose, I'll learn to say it loud  
An' careless ; kiddin' that I don't feel proud.

My son ! . . . If ther's a Gawd 'Oo's leanin' near  
To watch our dilly little lives down 'ere,  
'E smiles, I guess, if 'E's a lovin' one—  
Smiles, friendly-like, to 'ear them words—My son ,

## MAY DONEY

“ Songs of the Real ” (1905) ; “ The Way of Wonder ” (1917).

### *Ascension*

LOVE me, Dear Heart ! but love me not so well  
As on the gift to lavish all your gold ;  
Hand me not all my treasure yet to hold,  
Nor pour me all my wine to drink, nor tell  
Your utmost vows, nor let my heaven be  
Revealed at once to me.

But by slow steps of gladness draw my feet  
Up ever mounting ways toward far-peaked bliss ;  
Behind each kiss store me a fonder kiss,

### *Night Vision*

Behind each smile another still more sweet,  
Behind each glance a soul-flash yet more true  
And eloquent of you.

Love me so purely that I grow more pure  
Because I peep at paradise from earth,  
So dearly that I take a richer worth,  
So truly that I know my crown is sure ;  
But so imperfectly that every day  
You woo and win in some more godlike way.

### CHARLES MONTAGU DOUGHTY

Mr. Doughty's first book was written in prose—one of the greatest of all travel books, "*Travels in Arabia Deserta*" (1888). He had turned sixty before he made his first appearance as a poet ; had devoted twenty years to a study of the English of the golden age of Elizabeth and, in his works, has made that English his own. The archaic form and phrasing of his verse presents difficulties to the average reader, but has won enthusiastic admirers among the chief of contemporary critics and poets. "*The Dawn in Britain*" (1906) ; "*Adam Cast Forth*" (1908) ; "*The Cliffs*" (1909) ; "*The Clouds*" (1912) ; "*Mansoul, or the Riddle of the World*" (1920).

### *Night Vision*

(From "*The Cliffs*")

AWN (*an elf piper*), ROBIN, HOWT, and other ELVES.

AWN. O, who of you has here,  
A bugle-horn to call our great elf-choir.

ROBIN. I can flute like an owl, *whoo-hoo-huh* ! with the  
best.

I can blow I a loud bugle note in my fist.

*Charles Montagu Doughty*

(ROBIN *sounds as it were an horn, in his knit hands ; and blows then the owls note.*)

Howt. 'Tis dewfall, 'tis dewfall ; run through the  
green wood.  
Hie, little goodfellows, leap over the clod.  
And ye which loiter in  
The smooth-cropt meadows sheen ;  
Where feed ruckling the ewes, and couch chawing fat  
kine ;  
Foot it, skip, leap it, over the beasts' chines :  
Spring elves and tumble over each others backs !  
Run through myrtle bog, and rushy mire,  
Round cobwebbed thorn ; about the scragged briar ;

Over bank, over dyke,  
Over the hollow brook,  
Leap hither, leap hither !  
And ye hill-elves, afar ;  
Come running down, adown from your dune brinks !  
Heed ! elfen how ye tread,  
On any rattling leaf,  
Lest ye waken the snake ;  
Which fell enemy is,  
To elf-kind.

ELVES' DISTANT VOICES. We are coming presently ! . . .

AWN. Look elves, how now I quaintly cast my foot !  
When next I pipe, I'll teach you the new set ;  
How with bent kneebows, to trace a light morrice.

Howt. But elf sires of mine age, whose lustless feet  
And old dry joints are, like to mine, unfit,  
To trip, in looking of elf-maidens sweet ;  
Can on these purple toad-stools, sprung to-night,  
Here round me sit : sit by me and look on,  
But all the while sit mum.

## *Night Vision*

AWN. Up now, young elves, dance to new merry note,  
Of my pipe's throat : tread it forth, tread it forth !  
*Piff !*

*(Enter more ELVES running.)*

HOWT. Whence come ye foot hot ?

ONE OF THE NEW-COME ELVES. O Awn, O Howt !  
Not past a league from hence, lies close-cropped plot,  
Where purple millworts blow, which conies haunt,  
Amidst the windy heath. We saw gnomes dance  
There ; that not bigger been than harvest mice.  
Some of their heads were deckt, as seemed to us,  
With moonbeams bright : and those to-night hold feast ;  
Though in them there none utterance is of speech.

AWN. Be those our mothers' cousins, dainty of grace :  
But sold now, in a moonlight, are they seen.  
They live not longer than do humble been.

ELVES. We saw of living herb, intressed with moss,  
Their small wrought cabins open on the grass.

AWN. Other, in gossamer bowers, wonne underclod.

ELVES. And each gnome held in hand a looking glass ;  
Wherein he keeked, and kissed oft the Moons face.

AWN. Are they a faery offspring, without sex,  
Of the stars' rays.

ELVES. They'd wings on their flit feet ;  
That seemed, in their oft shining, glancing drops  
Of rain, which beat on bosom of the grass :  
Wherein be some congealed as adamant.

We stooped to gaze (a neighbour tussock hid us),  
On sight so fair : their beauty being such,  
That seemed us it all living thought did pass.  
Yet were we spied ! for looked down full upon us,  
Disclosing then murk skies, Moons clear still face.

In that they shrunk back, and clapped to their doors.  
(And some in chaps and gapes sunk, of the ground ;)   
One roves at me, with glancing eye !  
Whereof I bleed and strangle inwardly.

Charles Montagu Doughty

*(He holds his heart.)*

Heart-hurt ; and every hour am like to die.

HOWT. Die foolish elf ; there n' is no remedy !

AWN. Tread round now elves, in light-foot companies,  
To my pipes measure.  
And when you've had enough,  
Ye shall cry me *Puff* !

*(He pipes, and ELVES dance apace.)*

ELVES. We cry you *Puff* ! We've all, we've all lost  
breath.

*(AWN ceases ; and ELVES stand holding their  
panting sides.)*

HOWT. Clap hands now merrily all, above your  
heads,  
Whilst sleep your feet, to help this labouring moon ;  
Whose cheerful lamp murk scudding wrack hath blotted.

*(They stand and all clap hands.)*

AWN. I swear by my fay  
"Twill all too soon be day.

ROBIN. The night lightens, heaven brightens !

WOOD-ELVES. We'll run to watch for sunblinks in the  
wood,  
And cry ; when shoot the first athwart green sprays !  
ELVES ALL. Gather sweet woodbines, whilst ye may !

*(Exeunt WOOD-ELVES.)*

HOWT. Run other, to the end of yond green hill :  
To spy, if yet He cometh up ; to put out  
The Moon.

AWN. Now almost our fair night is done. . . .



## SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

The creator of Sherlock Holmes, whose great historical novels, "The White Company," "The Refugees," "Sir Nigel," "Micha Clarke," will probably receive full recognition when Sherlock Holmes loses a little of his popularity, has written three volumes of stirring and vigorous verse: "Songs of Action" (1898); "Songs of the Road" (1911); "The Guards Came Through" (1920); "Collected Poems" (1922).

### *A Ballad of the Ranks*

WHO carries the gun?  
A lad from over the Tweed.  
Then let him go, for well we know  
He comes of a soldier breed.  
So drink together to rock and heather,  
Out where the red deer run,  
And stand aside for Scotland's pride—  
The man that carries the gun!  
For the Colonel rides before,  
The Major's on the flank,  
The Captains and the Adjutant  
Are in the foremost rank.  
But when it's "Action front!"  
And fighting's to be done,  
Come one, come all, you stand or fall  
By the man who holds the gun.

Who carries the gun?  
A lad from a Yorkshire dale.  
Then let him go, for well we know  
The heart that never will fail.  
Here's to the fire of Lancashire,  
And here's to her soldier son!  
For the hard-bit north has sent him forth—  
The lad that carries the gun.

*Sir Arthur Conan Doyle*

Who carries the gun ?

A lad from a Midland shire.  
Then let him go, for well we know  
He comes of an English sire.  
Here's a glass to a Midland lass,  
And each can choose the one,  
But east and west we claim the best  
For the man that carries the gun.

Who carries the gun ?

A lad from the hills of Wales.  
Then let him go, for well we know  
That Taffy is hard as nails.  
There are several ll's in the place where he dwells,  
And of w's more than one,  
With a " Llan " and a " pen," but it breeds good men,  
And it's they who carry the gun.

Who carries the gun ?

A lad from the windy west.  
Then let him go, for well we know  
That he is one of the best.  
There's Bristol rough, and Gloucester tough,  
And Devon yields to none.  
Or you may get in Somerset  
Your lad to carry the gun.

Who carries the gun ?

A lad from London town.  
Then let him go, for well we know  
The stuff that never backs down.  
He has learnt to joke at the powder smoke,  
For he is the fog-smoke's son,  
And his heart is light and his pluck is right—  
The man who carries the gun.

Who carries the gun ?

A lad from the Emerald Isle.

### *A Prayer*

Then let him go, for well we know  
We've tried him many a while.  
We've tried him east, we've tried him west,  
We've tried him sea and land,  
But the man to beat old Erin's best  
Has never yet been planned.

Who carries the gun ?  
It's you, and you, and you ;  
So let us go, and we won't say no  
If they give us a job to do.  
Here we stand with a cross-linked hand,  
Comrades every one ;  
So one last cup, and drink it up  
To the man who carries the gun !  
For the Colonel rides before,  
The Major's on the flank,  
The Captains and the Adjutant  
Are in the foremost rank.  
And when its " Action front ! "  
And there's fighting to be done,  
Come one, come all, you stand or fall  
By the man who holds the gun.

### JOHN DRINKWATER

Has done more as dramatist and critic than as poet ; his finest and most enduring work is perhaps in his prose dramas, " Cromwell," and " Robert E. Lee," and in his three or four slim volumes of verse. " Poems " (1908-14) ; " Swords and Ploughshares " (1916) ; " Olton Pools " (1916) ; " Tides " (1917) ; " Seeds of Time " (1921) ; " Preludes " (1922).

### *A Prayer*

LORD, not for light in darkness do we pray,  
Not that the veil be lifted from our eyes,

*John Drinkwater*

Not that the slow ascension of our day  
Be otherwise.

Not for a clearer vision of the things  
Whereof the fashioning shall make us great,  
Not for remission of the peril and stings  
Of time and fate.

Not for a fuller knowledge of the end  
Whereto we travel, bruised yet unafraid,  
Not that the little healing that we lend  
Shall be repaid.

Not these, O Lord. We would not break the bars  
Thy wisdom sets about us : we shall climb  
Unfettered to the secrets of the stars  
In Thy good time.

We do not crave the high perception swift  
When to refrain were well, and when fulfil,  
Nor yet the understanding strong to sift  
The good from ill.

Not these, O Lord. For these Thou hast revealed,  
We know the golden season when to reap  
The heavy-fruited treasure of the field,  
The hour to sleep.

Not these. We know the hemlock from the rose,  
The pure from stained, the noble from the base,  
The tranquil holy light of truth that glows  
On Pity's face.

We know the paths wherein our feet should press,  
Across our hearts are written thy decrees,  
Yet now, O Lord, be merciful to bless  
With more than these.

### *Last Confessional*

Grant us the will to fashion as we feel,  
Grant us the strength to labour as we know,  
Grant us the purpose, ribbed and edged with steel,  
    To strike the blow.

Knowledge we ask not—knowledge Thou hast lent,  
But, Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need,  
Give us to build above the deep intent  
    The deed, the deed.

### *Immortality*

WHEN other beauty governs other lips,  
    And snowdrops come to strange and happy springs,  
When seas renewed bear yet unbuilted ships,  
    And alien hearts know all familiar things,  
When frosty nights bring comrades to enjoy  
    Sweet hours at hearths where we no longer sit,  
When Liverpool is one with dusty Troy,  
    And London famed as Attica for wit . . .  
How shall it be with you, and you, and you,  
    How with us all who have gone greatly here  
In friendship, making some delight, some true  
    Song in the dark, some story against fear?  
Shall song still walk with love, and life be brave,  
And we, who were all these, be but the grave?

### *Last Confessional*

FOR all ill words that I have spoken,  
For all clear moods that I have broken,  
    For all despite and hasty breath,  
    Forgive me, Love, forgive me, Death.

Death, master of the great assize  
Love, falling now to memories,

*Helen Parry Eden*

You two alone I need to prove,  
Forgive me, Death, forgive me, Love.

For every tenderness undone,  
For pride when holiness was none  
But only easy charity,  
O Death, be pardonor to me.

For stubborn thought that would not make  
Measure of love's thought for love's sake,  
But kept a sullen difference,  
'Take, Love, this laggard penitence.

For cloudy words too vainly spent  
To prosper but in argument,  
When truth stood lonely at the gate,  
On your compassion, Death, I wait.

For all the beauty that escaped  
This foolish brain, unsung, unshaped,  
For wonder that was slow to move,  
Forgive me, Death, forgive me, Love.

For love that kept a secret cruse,  
For life defeated of its dues,  
This latest word of all my breath—  
Forgive me, Love, forgive me, Death.

HELEN PARRY EDEN

Daughter of Judge Parry ; wife of an artist (Denis Eden), an artist herself, a critic as well as a poet, and one of the comparatively few women included among contributors to *Punch*.

### *The Petals*

“ Bread and Circuses ” (1914); “ Coal and Candlelight ”  
(1918); “ The Rhyme of the Servants of Mary ” (1919);  
“ A String of Sapphires ” (1921).

### *The Petals*

YOURSELF in bed  
(My lovely Drowsy-head)  
Your garments lie like petals shed

Upon the floor  
Whose carpet is strewn o'er  
With little things that late you wore.

For the morrow's wear  
I fold them neat and fair  
And lay them on the nursery chair ;

And round them lie  
Airs of the hours that die  
With all their stored-up fragrancy.

As a flower might  
Give out to the cool night  
The warmth it drank in day-long light

So wool and lawn  
From your soft skin withdrawn  
(Whereon they were assumed at dawn)

Breathe the spent mood,  
Lost act and attitude,  
Of the small sweetness they endued.

Ere all turn cold  
No garment that I hold  
But shakes a vision from its fold

*Vivian Locke Ellis*

Of little feet  
That vainly would be fleet,  
Tangled about with meadow-sweet,

And of bent knees  
When Betsey kneeling sees,  
In the parched hedgerow, strawberries.

Such things I see  
Folding your clothes, which be  
Weeds of the dead day's comedy.

The while I pray  
Your part may be alway  
So simple and so good to play,

And do desire  
Your life may still respire  
Such sweetness as your cast attire.

VIVIAN LOCKE ELLIS

"The Revolt of Woman" (1910); "The Venturers" (1913).

*After*

WHEN death has sentinelled my door  
Go thou, and visit there no more;  
Go quickly thence, and nothing take  
And nothing leave for memory's sake.

And when they bring me to my bier  
Come not in thought or presence near,  
And when they take me to my grave  
Do thou that little journey save.



### *The Wayfarer*

And when they leave me to my sleep  
Do thou no piteous vigil keep.  
But rather rest, that I may be  
At one, dear heart, in dreams with thee.

And after, if thou think to bring  
Of flowers some painless offering,  
Come if thou wilt, and blossoms bear,  
But leave them not to wither there.

Or if thou leave them, sweet, renew,  
The gift, as the sweet seasons do ;  
And if thou sorrow in this wise  
Come not in sorrow's sombre dyes.

Ah, I would bid thee, if I dare,  
On my sepulture spend no care ;  
Yet little know I how the dead  
May leave the living comforted.

So love me, love, in life as now,  
And then, in death, renew the vow ;  
Love's bounty spend, whate'er it is,  
And, for love's sake, no more than this.

### *The Wayfarer*

IS this the road into Elysium ?

O sunburnt stranger, you who seem to have  
Leisure to speak with whomso'er may come,  
Do me this courtesy ;

Make answer for yourself alone, I pray,

And then, if time bestead you, and your heart  
Has the wayfarer's wisdom in it, say,  
Is this road for me ?

*Godfrey Elton*

For look you, I am older, and have gone  
More than a half-day's journey towards the night,  
And mine is not the joy or heart of one  
Willing to turn again ;

And look you, if your gentleness would send  
Me this way too, seeing how fair it is,  
Consider, I have neither scrip nor friend,  
Nor cleansing from my stain,

And so what like are they that keep the gate,  
Are they of your mild conscience, do they serve  
Their own hearts, or do prudent laws of state  
Make entry hazardous ;

And do they put deep questions, such as bring  
Intolerable thoughts for witnesses  
To such a long and baffling questioning  
As might be hard for us ;

Answer me then, and then again of this ;  
That I may hear you tell me to return,  
With such kind counsel, as your manner is,  
Such courtesies as are

A boon to those who on this journey be,  
And some solace for those who take the road,  
And to all doubting travellers, and to me,  
Who have not trespassed far.

GODFREY ELTON

“ Schoolboys and Exiles ” (1919) ; “ Years of Peace ” (1925)

*News*

THEY came, you know, and told me you were dead,  
Those little men who never dreamed of pain.

### *The Rarest Gift*

"There's not much racing news to-day," I said.  
I said, "I hope it will be fine again."  
And then, I think, I climbed a certain hill  
And saw two plough-shares and a rusty bin,  
And further on, beyond John Farmer's mill,  
A fence in which five rails had fallen in,  
But sixty-two I counted upright still.  
And all the time my feet were saying "dead,  
Beating it slowly, beating through my head.

I saw it all. I saw the little room  
In which, they said, they laid you; to and fro  
I heard the creeper rustling, and the boom  
Of some old hornet on the lawns below.  
I saw "The Stag at Evening" by the door,  
And, though I struggled hard, my eyes were drawn  
On past those old red ink stains on the floor,  
On past the table, and "the Wounded Fawn"  
To that bright hair . . .

No, I was wrong before.

Look at those railings, there are sixty-three,  
I missed the one beyond laburnum tree .

### GEOFFREY FABER

"Interflow" (1915); "In the Valley of Vision" (1918).

### *The Rarest Gift*

THE rarest gifts God can bestow  
Do with the little children go.  
Be these of body or of soul  
They shine as never aureole  
Shone round the head of fabled saint,

*Geoffrey Faber*

Untarnished yet nor yet grown faint.  
What be these gifts ? Who asks is blind.  
Not hidden are they nor hard to find.  
In every street in every city,  
'Though much there be to quicken pity,  
Who cannot see what is so plain,  
'Tis certain he has eyes in vain.  
Let him but be taught of me  
To look upon them lingeringly,  
He shall find that he is given  
Such a key as opens Heaven,  
Of his own heart the master key.  
(If Heaven's not there, where can it be ?)

"Come put these beauties to the proof!"  
He obstinately holds aloof.  
He will not look, he will not learn,  
Aside his feet will never turn.  
He goes upon the hard, white road.  
His pride is in the heavy load,  
The load he bears upon his back.  
His eyes are fastened to the track.  
He will not look, he will not hear,  
Though angels whispered in his ear.

There are the children's voices. Hark !  
Children are playing in the park.  
Now surely that clear treble cry  
Must catch him as he passes by.  
'Tis like a lasso loosed and thrown  
To tangle all who walk alone,  
To bring them where the children play  
The whole unending summer day.

And now the day is at its height.  
Noon stills the chattering birds ; the light  
Blinds the poor traveller on the road.

### *The Rarest Gift*

Full heavy is his heavy load.  
Beneath the clustering oak 'tis sweet  
To rest upon the carven seat ;  
He sits him down, his fardel lays  
Upon the turf ; his dull glance strays  
Where little boys and girls are seen  
On the gilded glowing green,  
Chasing each other round and round,  
Making such a merry sound,  
That even the blackbird stops his trill.  
The traveller smiles against his will !

Deepens the day ; at length are hushed  
Their voices too. Weary and flushed  
The children scatter to the trees,  
And each stops short soon as he sees  
There underneath the clustering oak  
The Traveller in his travelling cloak.  
Now, gloomy Traveller, thou art caught !  
At no price can escape be bought.  
Here comes with grave regarding eyes  
Their general, and thee espies,  
Full seven years old, and four feet high,  
—Tremble thou mayest, thou canst not fly.

Brave men respect the brave. The foe  
Has eyed him o'er from head to toe,  
And given the word—his life is spared.  
(Though what had happened had he dared,  
In pride of old age, to rebel,  
I have not wit enough to tell !)  
And round the Traveller's either knee  
Gathers the little company.

They made him tell a story, who  
Adventureless had lived life through.

*Eleanor Farjeon*

But in his meanly furnished mind  
Stories, alas ! were hard to find,  
Till searching there he came at last  
On a ballad from the olden past,  
And told the tale of Robin Hood  
And his gay life in the green wood.  
Then did the children live again  
The lives of Robin and his men.  
And while he spoke and while they listened,  
I saw that tears in his eyes glistened,  
I knew that in his heart once more  
Wide open stood the long shut door.  
And there I left him, well content ;  
For of all gifts to children lent,  
That gift is prized more than gold  
Which saves a soul from growing old.

ELEANOR FARJEON

‘ Dream Songs of the Beloved ’ (1911) ; ‘ Sonnets and Poems ’  
(1918) ; ‘ Songs of a Penny Piper ’ (1922) ; ‘ All the Year  
Round ’ (1923).

*Sonnet*

WILT thou put seals on love because men say  
Love is a thing that certain time will steal ?  
As well, since night is certain after day,  
Might men their eyelids to the noontide seal.  
Nay ! even though that worn-out tale were truth,  
And love, dear love, were time’s assurèd dower,  
What profit canst thou get of cheated youth  
By paying usury before his hour ?

### *A Morning Dream*

I will not hear the sorry tune of time,  
That bitter quencher of young b'lessedness,  
Not to have proved young rapture is the crime,  
Unproven it will be quenched no less, no less.  
And thou wilt to the earth at last, time's scorn,  
Relinquishing a crown thou hast not worn.

### *A Morning Dream*

UNDERNEATH a skylight I  
In my bed o' mornings lie,  
Staring up through window-panes  
Made dim by unremembered rains,  
And always see above my face  
A wavy tree in dingy space.

Beyond the greeny branch up there  
Flows the deep and clear blue air,  
So that I almost seem to be  
Drowned at the bottom of the sea  
Within the cabin of a ship  
Wrecked on a long-forgotten trip.

And I who lie so still abed  
Might be some mariner long-dead,  
While green and blue above me flow,  
And living weeds wave to and fro,  
And withered leaves like fishes skim  
The streams of air where sparrows swim

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

A lyrical and narrative poet who has shown himself also, in his studies of "Tennyson" and "Donne," a brilliant and

## *John Ferguson*

subtly analytical critic of poetry. "The Spirit of Love" (1921); "The Condemned" (1922); "Before the Dawn" (1924).

NOW while the breath of heaven is in our eyes,  
On this proud peak, the summit of each sense,  
Down glancing on 'Thought's valley, where it lies  
Crouching beneath love's lofty eminence,  
Let us swear deathless faith to all things fair,  
To flower and fern-decked rock and streams that fall,  
And white roads winding and long uplands bare,  
And all sweet sounds that in a forest call.

Yea, let us kneel and gather in from space  
The cloud's bright comradeship, the joys that drive  
The sun through shadows drear with radiant face,  
The trusty ardour of the winds that strive.  
Then surely laughing in the face of time  
We may from earth's last peak to heaven climb.

## JOHN FERGUSON

Has, so far, published only one book, a collection of sonnets which has been justly praised by the critics, and in 1924 was re-issued in an eleventh and enlarged edition. "Thyrea and Other Sonnets" (1912).

### *In Hospital*

THE everlasting sameness of the days,  
The never-ending sadness of the nights,  
The rising hope that hopelessness o'erblights,  
The fevered restlessness that slowly slays—  
How heavy is my heart! O Thou Whose ways



### *The Circus Clown*

Are in the sounding deeps and starry heights  
Illume my faith, that in Thine Arm which smites  
I may behold the Arm that shall upraise.

Calm and subdue this peevish spirit of mine,  
Bid me be noble for her sake, whose cry—  
“ Christ on the Cross, I would not have him die ! ”  
Like evening incense rises to Thy Shrine.  
Dear God ! let me be noble for her sake,  
Lest, disappointed, her brave heart should break.

“ LET me be noble ”—God forgive the prayer ;  
Yet each man prays of this abandoned throng,  
And I prayed also ; but I did you wrong,  
Peculiar brothers of my own despair.  
I would retract my words with scrupulous care,  
And to the altar bring a gift of song ;  
The pleas for pity unto you belong,  
Who hopeless scan Life's rayless thoroughfare.

A little longer in this dolesome place,  
Companioned by this death-o'ershadowed crew,  
Only a little longer ! Is it true  
Not mine the wasted frame, the desperate case ?  
The pleas for pity, brothers, are for you—  
And yet I prayed for pity, God of grace.

### *The Circus Clown*

WITH whitened scalp and nose bedaubed with red,  
He bounds into the ring and cracks his wheeze ;  
Bursting with wit, he mounts a high trapeze,  
Then falls into the net dispirited :  
He mimics feats pyramidal, and dread

*A. Hugh Fisher*

Contortions of some "Modern Hercules,"  
While at his shins they throw a wooden cheese,  
Or a soft turnip hits him on the head.

When tenting days are done, and nevermore  
He smells the sawdust, sees the laughing eyes,  
I somehow think that on a daisied floor  
He'll turn a somersault in Paradise  
To give some angel-child a glad surprise  
Who never saw a circus clown before.

A. HUGH FISHER

"The Ruined Barn and Other Poems" (1921).

*The Outcasts*

YOU live in rooms, and so do I,  
Friends may frequent where we are banned :  
Convention with forbidding hand  
Drives love beneath the sky.

Two homeless wanderers night by night,  
Past many and many a home we tramp,  
While others rest by hearth and lamp,  
We learn the open air's delight.

We pass and leave the homes of men,  
We tread cool turf beneath bright stars,  
We hear the churring of night-jars,  
We hear the bittern in the fen.

We know the silence of the woods,  
We know the secret of the hills,  
We know wide lakes and little rills,  
And sky's innumerable moods.

*Once in Autumn*

We know wild places dew impearled,  
We know deep dells and mossy dells,  
We know the scent of heather bells,  
We know the beauty of the world—

Perhaps it was, that pondering this  
The sweetness of His ways untrod,  
Convention, too, was made by God,  
To give us more than common bliss.

F. S. FLINT

One of the pioneers of what has come to be vaguely known as the "new" poetry, with all the virtues and none of the extravagances of this school. "In the Net of the Stars" (1909); "Cadences" (1915); "Otherworld" (1920).

*Both Sides the Mirror*

I SPOKE to myself in the mirror, and said, "It is you."  
And nothing the mirror answered. Both our breaths  
passed away.

"It is you—strange—you, in the mirror, and I—am  
who?

Reflexion of you and of me?—Ah, who can say?"

I spoke to myself in the mirror, and he spoke too;  
But a wall of silence lay dead between him and me;  
And neither could hear what the other said, and neither  
knew

Whether he was reflexion, or I, or both, or what were  
we.

*Once in Autumn*

DO you recall one calm, sad autumn eve's  
Bitterness, when we walked along the street

## *Robin Flower*

And all the while were rustling at our feet  
The shrivelled spoils of summer, and "Dead leaves,"  
I said, "our hopes—look, not a wind relieves  
Our memory of them"? You crept closer, sweet.  
I looked into your eyes. Tears sprang to greet  
Me, stealing all their lustre, like dim thieves.  
Some wind has blown new life into our veins  
Since then. Perhaps our bitterness was killed  
By its own strength, and driving winds and rains  
Have swept and washed away dead hopes that chilled  
And galled our hearts, leaving Life free to build  
The one dear hope that with us still remains.

## ROBIN FLOWER

"Eric and Other Poems" (1910); "Hymenæa" (1918).

### *In the Train*

WHEN they got in  
I saw they did not care to have me there,  
But just as I had marked the precious pair  
I felt the train begin  
Its two-hour journey. There we were, we three,  
That awkward pair and me!  
They sat down in the corner very prim,  
A foot or two of seat 'twixt her and him,  
And she looked out at the window, while he stared  
At me, who dared  
By some malignant scheme  
To come between a lover and his dream.  
She was a pretty little thing  
As such things go, snub-nosed and quick of eye,  
Bright-cheeked as though as yet Time's fugitive wing  
Had touched her very lightly passing by,

### *In the Train*

But for the rest a slight enough affair  
Made of the clay that serves for common ware.  
And he—no finer earth  
Had suffered in the furnace for his birth.  
You might have picked the two  
At any moment from the casual crew  
That in a city goes  
Along the street, and why none cares or knows.

Of course in such a case  
One can't help feeling out of place,  
Even looks are crimes,  
And so I hid myself behind the *Times*  
And let the idyll run out to its end.  
One never does intend  
To eavesdrop in these matters, yet somehow,  
Faced by the instant here and now  
One listens—Those can blame  
Who've never done the same—  
Well, reading blindly at the Births and Deaths,  
I felt their hands touch, knew their separate breaths  
Were drawing each to other.  
And in them yearning knew the mighty mother  
Weaving the spells that she has woven of old  
Since first the palm tree shone with dusty gold,  
Since earth first felt in earth  
Move a twin rapture and re-echoing mirth.  
This is her cunning who eternally  
Must live in things that die,  
Who is the wine in vessels basely moulded  
And in scrawled notes the song delirious folded,  
Who labours without end  
And none knows whither all her labours tend.  
It may be that to her  
The very thrust and stir,  
The pulse and eagerness of love  
Crowns all the centuries she strove

*S. Gertrude Ford*

In fume and darkness till she moulded man  
And the ascent began,  
Life after life till life should bring to birth  
A rapture not of earth,  
A song of which the words are living men,  
And as a poet's pen  
Traces the crabbed words that are  
More musical than any singing star,  
So she in these  
Poor things of earth aims at such harmonies  
As, to our ears not given,  
Are all the music of the gods in Heaven.

S. GERTRUDE FORD

"Lyric Leaves" (1912); "A Fight to a Finish" (1914);  
"Poems of War and Peace" (1915).

*The Star That Set*

*"Too quick despairer!"*

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

HAD that star waited! Night had hemmed it in  
So long, and still its trust was in the day;  
Sure, through all darkness, of a light to win;  
Steadfast in hope, whatever fear might say.  
Cloud upon cloud belied it; yet it stood  
Holding its torch aloft, and prophesied,  
Cleaving to faith in doubt's dim neighbourhood,  
Till the torch flickered; till the last hope died,  
Till the moon set; and then "Night wins," it said,  
Before it too went down into the dark.  
And yet, not one hour after, Night was dead,  
And each cloud turned a rose and hailed a lark,  
How should it dream of hope, where hope was none?  
Yet, had it waited, it had seen the sun.

## GILBERT FRANKAU

Before he began his career as a popular novelist, wrote to find himself famous for his Byronically witty and satirical "One of Us" (1912), and returned successfully to the same vein in "One of Them" (1919). Meanwhile, he had touched a more deeply human, grimly realistic note in his war poems, written while he was in the firing-line in France. "The Guns" (1916); "The City of Fear" (1917); "Collected Poems" (1923).

*Reprinted from "The Poetical Works of Gilbert Frankau," by kind permission of his publishers, Messrs. Chatto & Windus, London.*

### *How Rifleman Brown Came to Valhalla*

TO the lower hall of Valhalla, to the heroes of no renown,  
Relieved from his spell at the listening-post, came Rifleman Joseph Brown.

With never a rent in his khaki nor smear of blood on his face,  
He flung his pack from his shoulders, and made for an empty place.

The Killer-men of Valhalla looked up from the banquet-board  
At the unfouled breech of his rifle, at the unfleshed point of his sword;  
And the unsung dead of the trenches, the kings who have never a crown,  
Demanded his pass to Valhalla from Rifleman Joseph Brown.

"Who comes, unhit, to the party?" A one-legged Corporal spoke,  
And the gashed heads nodded approval through the rings of the Endless Smoke:  
"Who comes for the beer and the Woodbines of the never-closed Canteen,  
With the barrack-shine on his bayonet and a full-charged magazine?"

*Gilbert Frankau*

Then Rifleman Brown looked round him at the nameless  
men of the line—  
At the wounds of the shell and the bullet, at the burns of  
the bomb and the mine ;  
At the tunics, virgin of medals but crimson-clotted with  
blood ;  
At the ankle-boots and the puttees, caked stiff with the  
Flanders mud ;  
At the myriad short Lee-Enfields that crowded the rifle-  
rack,  
Each with its blade to the sword-boss brown, and its  
muzzle powder-black :

And Rifleman Brown said never a word ; yet he felt in  
the soul of his soul  
His right to the beer of the lower Hall, though he came  
to drink of it, whole ;  
His right to the fags of the free Canteen, to a seat at the  
banquet-board,  
Though he came to the men who had killed their man,  
with never a man to his sword.

*“ Who speaks for the stranger Rifleman, O boys of the free  
Canteen ?*

*Who passes the chap with the unmaimed limbs and the kit  
that is far too clean ? ”*

The gashed heads eyed him above their beers, the gashed  
lips sucked at their smoke :  
There were three at the board of his own platoon, but not  
a man of them spoke.

His mouth was mad for the tankard froth and the biting  
whiff of a fag,  
But he knew that he might not speak for himself to the  
dead men who do not brag.



### *How Rifleman Brown Came to Valhalla*

A gun-butt crashed on the gateway, a man came staggering in ;  
His head was cleft with a great red wound from the temple-bone to the chin,  
His blade was dyed to the bayonet-boss with the clots that were scarcely dry ;  
And he cried to the men who had killed their man :  
                  " Who passes the Rifleman ? I !  
By the four I slew, by the shell I stopped, if my feet be not too late,  
I speak the word for Rifleman Brown that a chap may speak for his mate."

The dead of lower Valhalla, the heroes of dumb renown,  
They pricked their ears to a tale of the earth as they set their tankards down.  
" My mate was on sentry this evening when the General happened along,  
And asked what he'd do in a gas-attack. Joe told him :  
    ' Beat on the gong.'  
' What else ? ' ' Open fire, sir,' Joe answered. ' Good God, man,' our General said,  
' By the time you'd beaten that bloodstained gong the chances are you'd be dead.  
Just think, lad.' ' Gas helmet, of course, sir.' ' Yes, damn it, and *gas helmet first*.'  
So Joe stood dumb to attention, and wondered why he'd been cursed."

The gashed heads turned to the Rifleman, and now it seemed that they knew  
Why the face that had never a smear of blood was stained to the jawbones, blue.

*Gilbert Frankau*

"He was posted again at midnight." The scarred heads  
craned to the voice,

As the man with the blood-red bayonet spoke up for the  
mate of his choice.

"You know what it's like in a listening-post, the Very  
candles aflare,

Their bullets smacking the sand-bags, our Vickers comb-  
ing your hair,

How your ears and eyes get jumpy, till each known tuft  
that you scan

Moves and crawls in the shadows till you'd almost swear  
it was man ;

You know how you peer and snuff at the night when the  
North-East gas-winds blow."

"*By the one who made us and maimed us,*" quoth lower  
Valhalla, "*we know !*"

"Sudden, out of the blackness, sudden as Hell, there  
came

Roar and rattle of rifles, spurts of machine-gun flame ;  
And Joe stood up in the forward sap to try to fathom the  
game.

Sudden, their shells come screaming ; sudden, his nos-  
trils sniff .

The sickening reek of the rotten pears, the death that kills  
with a whiff.

Death ! and he knows it certain, as he bangs on his cart-  
ridge-case,

With the gas-cloud's claws at his windpipe and the gas-  
cloud's wings on his face. . . .

We heard his gong in our dug-out, he only whacked on it  
twice,

We whipped our gas-bags over our heads, and manned  
the step in a trice—

For the cloud would have caught us as sure as Fate if he'd  
taken the Staff's advice."

### *How Rifleman Brown Came to Valhalla*

His head was cleft with a great red wound from the chin  
to the temple-bone,  
But his voice was as clear as a sounding gong, " I'll be  
damned if I'll drink alone,  
Not even in lower Valhalla ! Is he free of your free Can-  
teen,  
My mate who comes with the unfleshed point and the  
full-charged magazine ? "

The gashed heads rose at the Rifleman o'er the rings of  
the Endless Smoke,  
And loud as the roar of a thousand guns Valhalla's answer  
broke,  
And loud as the crash of a thousand shells their tankards  
clashed on the board :  
*" He is free of the mess of the Killer-men, your mate of the  
unfleshed sword ;  
For we know the worth of his deed on earth ; as we know  
the speed of the death  
Which catches its man by the back of the throat and gives  
him water for breath ;  
As we know how the hand at the helmet-cloth may tarry  
seconds too long,  
When the very life of the front-line trench is staked on the  
beat of a gong.  
By the four you slew, by the case he smote, by the grey gas-  
cloud and the green,  
We pass your mate for the Endless Smoke and the beer of  
the free Canteen."*

In the lower hall of Valhalla, with the heroes of no renown,  
With our nameless dead of the Marne and the Aisne, of  
Mons, and of Wipers town,  
With the men who killed ere they died for us, sits Rifleman  
Joseph Brown.

## JOHN FREEMAN

A brilliant critic and essayist ("English Portraits," etc.); and a poet whose lyrics and descriptive verse have charm of fancy and grace of utterance, and the exquisitely sensitive feeling for natural beauty that is common in a born Londoner. "Presage of Victory" (1916); "Stone Trees" (1916); "Memories of Childhood" (1918-19); "Poems New and Old" (1920); "Music" (1921); "The Grove and Other Poems" (1925); "Absalom" (1925).

### *Absence*

DISTANCE no grace can lend you, but for me  
Distance yet magnifies your mystery.  
With you, and soon content, I ask how should  
In your two eyes be hid my heaven of good?  
How should your own mere voice the strange words  
speak

That tease me with the sense of what's to seek  
In all the world beside? How your brown hair,  
'That simply and neglectfully you wear,  
Bind my wild thoughts in its abundant snare?  
With you, I wonder how you're stranger than  
Another woman to another man;  
But parted—and you're as a ship unknown  
That to poor castaways at dawn is shown  
As strange as dawn, so strange they fear a trick  
Of eyes long-vexed and hope with falseness sick.  
Parted, and like the riddle of a dream,  
Dark with rich promise, does your beauty seem.  
I wonder at your patience, stirless peace,  
Your subtle pride, mute pity's quick release.  
Then you are strange to me and sweet as light  
Or dew; as strange and dark as starless night.  
Then let this restless parting be forgiven:  
I go from you to find in you strange heaven.

### *The Wish*

THAT you might happier be than all the rest,  
Than I who have been happy loving you,  
Of all the innocent even the happiest—  
This I beseeched for you.

Until I thought of those unending skies—  
Of stagnant cloud, or fleckless dull blue air,  
Of days and nights delightless, no surprise,  
No threat, no sting, no fear ;

And of the stirless waters of the mind,  
Waveless, unfurrowed, of no living hue,  
With dead leaves dropping slowly in no wind,  
And nothing flowering new.

And then I no more wished you happiness,  
But that whatever fell of joy or woe  
I would not dare, O Sweet, to wish it less,  
Or wish you less than you.

### *Childhood Calls*

COME over, come over the deepening river,  
Come over again the dark torrent of years,  
Come over, come back where the green leaves quiver,  
And lilac still blooms and the grey sky clears.

Come, come back to the everlasting garden,  
To that green heaven, and the blue heaven above.  
Come back to the time when time brought no burden  
And love was unconscious, knowing not love.

### *In Those Old Days*

IN those old days you were called beautiful,  
But I have worn the beauty from your face ;  
The flowerlike bloom has withered on your cheek  
With the harsh years, and the fire in your eyes

*Cecil French*

Burns darker now and deeper, feeding on  
Beauty and the remembrance of things gone.  
Even your voice is altered when you speak,  
Or is grown mute with old anxiety  
For me.

Even as a fire leaps into flame and burns  
Leaping and laughing in its lovely flight,  
And then under the flame a glowing dome  
Deepens slowly into blood-like light :—  
So did you flame and in flame take delight,  
So are you hollow'd now with aching fire.  
But still I warm me and make there my home,  
Still beauty and youth burn there invisibly  
For me.

Now my lips falling on your silver'd skull,  
My fingers in the valleys of your cheeks,  
Or my hands in your thin strong hands fast caught,  
Your body clutched to mine, mine bent to yours :  
Now love undying feeds on love beautiful,  
Now, now I am but thought kissing your thought . . .  
—And can it be in your heart's music speaks  
A deeper rhythm hearing mine : can it be  
Indeed for me ?

CECIL FRENCH

“ Between Sun and Moon ” (1922).

*Hidden Sorrow*

“  
HIDDEN within your heart you bore  
The silent wrongs of many years ;  
Your silent courage moved me more  
Than any tears.

### *The Road*

You were so gay, none guessed how deep  
Your sorrow dwelt ; I only knew.  
It was because you did not weep  
I wept for you.

### *The Offering*

I THOUGHT it but a little thing  
To tell your worth aright ;  
Yet though I laboured long, I bring  
No gift for your delight.

For—in default of skill laid low—  
Seeing every word is fled,  
I were most happy could you know  
Half I have left unsaid.

I have made songs for others ; let  
Them rest, my friend, and take  
What Time nor Change have touched as yet—  
My failure for your sake.

### V. H. FRIEDLAENDER

Novelist (“ Mainspring,” “ The Colour of Life ”), and in 1919  
published “ A Friendship and Other Poems.”

### *The Road*

WE shall not travel by the road we make ;  
Ere day by day the sound of many feet  
Is heard upon the stones that now we break,  
We shall be come to where the cross roads meet.

For us the heat by day, the cold by night,  
The inch-slow progress and the heavy load,  
And death at last to close the long, grim fight  
With man and beast and stone : for them the road.

*V. H. Friedlaender*

For them the shade of trees that now we plant,  
The safe, smooth journey and the certain goal—  
Yea, birthright in the land of covenant :  
For us day-labour, travail of the soul.

And yet the road is ours as never theirs ;  
Is not one gift on us alone bestowed ?  
For us the joy of joys, O pioneers :  
We shall not travel, but we make the road !

*The Price*

UPON the plain where ebbd the tide  
Of blood the human flotsam lay ;  
And as the night came down there died  
More than those bodies, more than they.

Above the trenches, by the cross  
That marked each rough and nameless mound,  
Rose like a mist the form of loss,  
Filling the world from bound to bound.

And these the words that Shadow said,  
And this the grief wherewith she grieved :  
“ I am the spirit of these dead,  
And I the soul of the breaved.

“ I am a thousand songs unsung,  
A thousand thousand roads unmade ;  
Legion my name : I am the young,  
The swift, the strong, the unafraid.

“ I am a myriad precious things  
That perished ere they came to birth,  
And I all fair imaginings  
That shall not now make glad the earth.



### *White Magic*

"Hear you my voice?—a dreamlike cry  
That beats from far and dies forlorn?  
I am lost love, and I, oh, I  
The children never to be born."

### ROSE FYLEMAN

Her poems have a charming fantasy and humour and for many years past she has been a regular contributor to *Punch*.  
"Fairies and Chimneys" (1918); "The Fairy Green" (1919); "The Fairy Flute" (1921); "The Rainbow Cat" (1922); "A Small Cruise" (1923).

### *White Magic*

BLIND folk see the fairies,  
Oh, better far than we,  
Who miss the shining of their wings  
Because our eyes are filled with things  
We do not wish to see.  
They need not seek enchantment  
From solemn, printed books,  
For all about them as they go  
The fairies flutter to and fro  
With smiling, friendly looks.

Deaf folk hear the fairies  
However soft their song;  
'Tis we who lose the honey sound  
Amid the clamour all around  
That beats the whole day long.  
But they with gentle faces  
Sit quietly apart;  
What room have they for sorrowing  
While fairy minstrels sit and sing  
Close to their listening heart?

## NORMAN GALE

A pastoral poet whose songs of love and the country life have something of the charm and simplicity of Herrick. "A Country Muse" (1892); "Orchard Songs" (1893); "Cricket Songs" (1894); "Songs for Little People" (1896); "More Cricket Songs" (1905); "Song in September" (1912); "Collected Poems" (1914); "A Merry-go-Round of Song" (1919); "A Book of Quatrains" (1925).

### *To the Sweetwilliam*

I SEARCH the poet's honied lines  
And not in vain, for columbines,  
And not in vain for other flowers  
That sanctify the many bowers  
Unsanctified by human souls.  
See where the larkspur lifts among  
The thousand blossoms finely sung,  
Still blossoming in the fragrant scrolls!  
Charity, eglantine and rue  
And love-in-a-mist are all in view,  
With coloured cousins; but where are you,  
Sweetwilliam?

The lily and the rose have books  
Devoted to their lovely looks,  
And wit has fallen in vital showers  
Through England's most miraculous hours  
To keep them fresh a thousand years.  
The immortal library can show  
The violet's well-thumbed folio  
Stained tenderly by girls in tears.  
The shelf where Genius stands in view  
Has briar and daffodil and rue  
And love-lies-bleeding; but not you,  
Sweetwilliam.

*To the Sweetwilliam*

Thus, if I seek the classic line  
For marybuds, 'tis, Shakespeare, thine !  
And ever is the primrose born  
'Neath Goldsmith's overhanging thorn.  
In Herrick's breastknot I can see  
The appleblossom, fresh and fair  
As when he plucked and put it there,  
Heedless of Time's anthology.

So flower by flower comes into view,  
Kept fadeless by the Olympian dew  
For startled eyes ; and yet not you,  
Sweetwilliam.

Too seldom named ! And never so  
As makes the astonished heart to go  
With deer-like leapings ! Horace found  
A name unsuited to the bound  
His gleaming satires had to bear :  
Even so, methinks a want of grace  
In country calling lost a place  
In poesy for one so fair.

How chancily a blossom slips  
From ballad sunshine to eclipse,  
Being short of honey for the lips,  
Sweetwilliam !

Though gods of song have let you be,  
Bloom in my little book for me.  
Unwont to stoop, or lean, you show  
An undefeated heart, and grow  
As pluckily as cedars. Heat  
And cold, and winds, that make  
Tumbledown sallies, cannot shake  
Your resolution to be sweet.

Then take this song, be it born to die  
Ere yet the unwedded butterfly  
Has glimpsed a darling in the sky,  
Sweetwilliam.

## JOHN GALSWORTHY

The irony, high idealism and brooding philosophy of life that characterize his work as a novelist are the distinctive qualities of Mr. Galsworthy's one book of poems, "Moods, Songs and Doggerels" (1911).

### *The Prayer*

IF on a Spring night I went by  
And God were standing there,  
What is the prayer that I would cry  
To Him ! 'This is the prayer :  
    O Lord of Courage grave,  
    O Master of this night of Spring !  
    Make firm in me a heart too brave  
    To ask Thee anything !

### *Errantry*

COME ! let us lay a crazy lance in rest,  
And tilt at windmills under a wild sky !  
For who would live so petty and unblest  
'That dare not tilt at something ere he die,  
Rather than, screened by safe majority,  
Preserve his little life to little ends,  
And never raise a rebel battle-cry !

Ah ! for the weapon wistful and sublime,  
Whose lifted point recks naught of woe or weal,  
Since Fate demands it shivered every time !  
When in the wildness of our charge we reel  
Men laugh indeed—the sweeter heavens smile,  
For all the world of fat prosperity  
Has not the value of that broken steel !

### *Lemnos Harbour*

Ah ! for the summons of a challenge cry  
Which sets to swinging fast the bell that tolls  
The high and leaping chimes of sympathy  
Within that true cathedral of our souls  
Set in our bodies' jeering market-place—  
So crystal-clear, the shepherd's wayward pipe  
From feasts his cynical soft sheep cajoles.

God save the pennon, ragged to the dawn,  
That signs to moon to stand, and sun to fly ;  
And flutters when the weak is overborne  
To stem the tide of fate and certainty,  
That knows not reason, and that seeks no fame—  
But has engraved around its stubborn wood  
The words : " Knight-Errant, till Eternity ! "

So ! Undismayed beneath the serried clouds,  
Raise up the banner of forlorn defence—  
A jest to the complacency of crowds—  
Bright-haloed with the one diviner sense :  
To hold itself as nothing to itself ;  
And in the quest of its imagined star  
To lose all thought of after-recompense !

### LEON GELLERT

Was on active service with the Australian forces during the War, and has written some of the most poignant and grimly realistic of war poems in his " Songs of a Campaign " (1918).

### *Lemnos Harbour*

THE island sleeps—but it has no delight  
For me, to whom that sleep has been unkind.  
My thoughts are long of what seems long ago,  
And long, too, are my dreams. I do not know

*Leon Gellert*

These trailing glories of the star-strewn night  
Or the slow sough of the wind.

I hear the rattle of the moving car ;  
The children crying in the lighted street.  
I walk along the same old asphalt way.  
I see the church,—I hear the organ play  
I see the hills I wandered on afar,  
And spots of rain at my feet.

I see the dust-strewn hedge,—the latched gate ;  
The gravelled path with roses either side ;  
The cedar tree,—the lawn where I have lain ;  
The pots of fern,—my mother's window pane.  
I see the place where I sat long and late  
By the trellis deep and wide.

The red Virginia crumbles at the wall.  
The bed is bare where winter's snow-drops grew  
I feel my dog come licking at my hand.  
I pause awhile beside the door. I stand  
And hear the well-known footsteps softly fall  
And the voices that I knew.

I slowly creep and peep beneath the blind.  
—My father reads his book within his chair.  
Some children play their game of dominoes.  
My mother sits beside the fire and sews ;  
Her head is bowed. I know her eyes are kind  
By the grey lines in her hair.

I tap the pane to see those tears unshed.  
I see them turn, and watch them sadly stirred  
By the sound, and peer to see my face without.  
They see, and smile. I hear no welcome shout  
They sit and gaze as they that see the dead,  
But no one says a word.

### *Holiday*

The island sleeps. May sleep come soon to me,  
And lull these dreams within my shaken mind ;  
—These dreams that tell me I have seen the last  
Of those I left so,—loved so in the past.

. . . . .

I hear the murmur of the moving sea,  
And the murmur of the wind.

*March, 1915.*

### WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

Began as a romantic ; has written some charming lyrics ; and developed into one of the most truthfully and sternly realistic of modern poets. His best work is in his dramatic and narrative poems of the lives of the poor who live and work in the slum, the mine, the factory, the field ; he writes of these, and the tragedy of these, with pity, bitterness and grim imaginative power. "Urlyn the Harper" (1900) ; "The Queen's Vigil" (1902) ; "Stonefolds" (1907) ; "Daily Bread" (1910) ; "Fires" (1912) ; "Thoroughfares" (1914) ; "Borderlands" (1914) ; "Battle" (1915) ; "Friends" (1916) ; "Livelihood" (1917) ; "Whin" (1918) ; "Home" (1920) ; "Neighbours" (1920) ; "Krindelsyke" (1922) ; "I Heard a Sailor Singing" (1925).

### *Holiday*

*A room in tenements, on the evening of Whit-Monday. EVA SPARKES, a widow, sits on the bed in which her daughter, NELLY, lies unconscious, with her eyes open, and her hands moving in a regular succession of mechanical motions. Her second daughter, POLLY, stands near the window, looking out into the dismal court.*

EVA. Her hands are never quiet for a moment.  
POLLY. She's tending the machine ; and slipping in

*Wilfred Wilson Gibson*

The brush-backs, as we do the live-long day,  
Day after day, and every blessed day,  
Year in, year out, year in, year out, except  
On Sundays and Bank Holidays. 'T'o think  
'To-day's Whit-Monday and Bank Holiday—  
And what a holiday for her, poor lass !

EVA. She cannot rest : her hands keep working,  
working.

It must be weary work, at best : but now . . .

POLLY. And yet, we're always at it, all day long,  
Year in, year out, until it drives us dizzy ;  
And, likely, we slip in a hand, as she did  
The other day, poor lass. Six holes it drills—  
And then they call it carelessness.

EVA. 'Twas that  
Began the trouble—her poor broken hand :  
It gives me quite a turn to think of it :  
She's never been herself since then. It's hard  
She cannot rest at all.

POLLY. 'To think to-day's  
Bank Holiday !—and last year she was dancing.

EVA. She's ever been a dancer from a bairn,  
Has Nelly : even as a babe-in-arms,  
I couldn't keep her quiet, if she heard  
An organ playing half a street away :  
She'd jig and jig, till it took me all my time  
To hold the jumping jenny on my lap.  
Such nimble toes she had : 'twas in her blood :  
I danced before I married ; though afterwards  
I'd little list for it : but, in my day,  
While I'd the heart, I danced among the best :  
When first your father saw me, I was dancing.

POLLY. Only last year, she danced the live-long day  
She danced us all out easily, although  
The sun was blazing ; and we were fit to drop.  
I think she would have danced herself to death,  
But Daniel stopped the music : even he



## *Holiday*

Was done, deadbeat, though he's not easily puffed.

EVA. He'd scarcely go to-day at all ; he said,  
He couldn't go without her, couldn't bear  
To leave her, and not knowing . . . But I told him  
'Twas worse than useless for him to sit watching . . .  
I think he only went away, at last,  
Because he couldn't bear to see her hands.  
It's bad enough for me, and almost more  
Than I can stand : I couldn't have him, too,  
Watching her hands. I cannot help but watch  
Her poor, poor hands : they're never still a moment.  
All night I watched . . .

POLLY. And last year she was dancing  
The live-long day—was dancing in the sun :  
And there was no one who could dance with her :  
I don't know where she picked up half the steps ;  
There seemed to be no end to them, as though  
She made them up as she went on : they seemed  
To come to her as easily as walking.  
She danced and danced.

EVA. Ay, she'd a dancing heart.

POLLY. And, as she danced, you scarcely saw her feet  
move,  
Because they went so quickly ; and it dazzled,  
'The sunlight sparkling on her dancing buckles  
That twinkled in and out beneath her flounces :  
And as she danced, she waved a branch of hawthorn  
Daniel had plucked for her.

EVA. When she came home  
That night, her arms were laden ; and the house  
Was white with bloom for days : she'd scarcely left  
A pot or pan for me to cook a meal in ;  
And yet I dared not toss it out. The scent  
Was nigh too much for me : a hawthorn grew  
Beside the door at home ; and in the rain  
It used to smell so fresh and sweet. 'Twill still  
Be there, still blowing fresh and sweet, though I . . .

*Wilfred Wilson Gibson*

And she was born about the blossom-time ;  
For I remember how I lay and dreamt  
I smelt it, though we'd left the country then ;  
And I was far from any blowing thing.  
And I can smell it now, though I've not seen  
A growing thorn for years.

POLLY.                               The smell of hawthorn  
And the dazzle and heat together turned me faint.  
She didn't seem to mind it, but danced on  
Till I was dazed and dizzy, watching her :  
And when I called to stop her, just danced harder,  
And answered, laughing : she could dance for ever,  
Dance in the sunshine till she'd drop down dead.  
Then Daniel stopped the music suddenly :  
Her feet stopped with it ; and she nearly tumbled,  
But Daniel caught her in his arms ; and she  
Was dazed and quiet, and hardly spoke a word  
Till she was home in bed, and the candle out.  
I didn't take much notice at the time,  
For I was sleepy ; but I remember each word,  
As though she said them over, lying there :  
" At least I've danced a day away. To-morrow,  
To-morrow and to-morrow we'll be working—  
To-morrow and to-morrow, till we're dead :  
And yet, to-day the job was nearly done :  
If only Daniel hadn't stopped the music,  
I might have finished—dancing ! "

EVA.                               Her poor hands  
Are never quiet—always working, working :  
They move so quickly I can scarcely follow . . .  
POLLY. She always worked like that : the wonder is  
She'd never slipped her hand before : she worked  
As madly as she danced ; and she danced madly.

EVA. She'll dance no more. Poor Daniel, I'd no  
heart  
To tell him outright there's no hope for her.  
He never asked me what the doctor said :

## Holiday

Happen, he knew, somehow : it isn't words  
Tell us the most : we oftener learn the truth  
Without them. And the lad was loth to go ;  
Yet couldn't bear to see . . . I cannot bear  
To watch them : yet I cannot keep my eyes off :  
They're always working, working, poor broken hands—  
And once they'd beat to music on my breast,  
When she was a laughing baby on my lap,  
Would God that time had never passed.

POLLY. To think  
'They'll all be dancing, while she lies like this !

EVA. Dan went : but he was loth enough to go :  
And there'll be little dancing for him to-day,  
And many days to come. He'll not bide late :  
I looked for him by now : he'll not have heart . . .

POLLY. And we are only "hands" ! And in the  
end . . .  
I wonder if I'll lie like that one day,  
With fingers working uselessly ? God spare me !  
But I think there's little chance : I never worked  
Or danced, as she did. She would dance . . .

EVA. I smell  
Hawthorn as strongly now as we could smell it  
After a shower.

POLLY. There's some one on the stairs :  
I think it's Daniel.

*(The door opens, and DANIEL WEBSTER enters quietly,  
carrying a bunch of hawthorn.)*

DANIEL. How is Nelly now ?  
I've brought some bloom for her : I thought she  
might . . .  
Last year she liked the bloom . . . a year to-day  
She danced beneath the hawthorn on the heath.  
I couldn't stay to see them jigging—and yet,  
I cannot bear to watch . . .

Wilfred Wilson Gibson

EVA (*turning suddenly towards the bed*). Her hands have stopped.

She's quiet now. Ah, God, she's getting up !  
She'll fall !

(*They all move towards NELLY, as she rises from the bed ; but something in her eyes stays them half-way ; and they stand spellbound, as she steps to the ground, and stumbles towards DANIEL, stretching out her hand for the hawthorn, which he gives her, without a word. Holding the branch over her head, she begins to dance, slowly, her feet gradually moving more quickly.*)

NELLY. Faster . . . faster . . . faster . . .  
Who's stopped the music ? Oh !

(*She pauses, stands for a moment, swaying ; then drops to the floor in a heap.*)

EVA (*bending over her*).  
Nelly ! Ah, God, she's done . . . she doesn't breathe . . .

(*DANIEL stoops, and picks the dropt branch from the floor.*)

DANIEL. It's fallen now, the bloom . . . I thought she might . . .  
Last year she danced . . . and now . . . I brought the bloom . . .

EVA. Her hands stopped working when she smelt the blossom :  
It set her dancing, dancing to her death.

DANIEL. O Christ, what have I done—what have I done ?

Nelly, I brought the bloom . . .

POLLY.

She's had her wish.

### *The Fowler*

A WILD bird filled the morning air  
With dewy-hearted song ;  
I took it in a golden snare  
Of meshes close and strong .

But where is now the song I heard ?  
For all my cunning art,  
I who would house a singing bird  
Have caged a broken heart.

### MARY GILMORE

Has done admirable work in Australian journalism, and is one of the most distinguished of Australia's women poets. "Marri'd and Other Poems" (1910); "The Passionate Heart" (1918).

### *The Wife's Song*

I SIT beside my sewing-wheel  
And croon my little song,  
Content to bide a wife at home  
The sweet day long.

The supper waits beside the hob,  
The kettle steams away,  
For him who comes so swift of foot  
At close of day.

The gravel grinds beneath his step ;  
I fly to ope the door.  
Compared wi' me, the gilded Queen  
Upon her throne is poor.

*Mary Gilmore*

I trim the lamp, I stir the fire,  
I set his place and mine :  
'Tis fine to see the linen white,  
The silver shine.

And whiles I sit beside my wheel  
Humming my song,  
And dream of curly heads a-row,  
Hearts stout and strong.

I feel them nestle to my breast  
And lie upon my lap :  
My boys or girls, or girls and boys,  
As it may hap.

I see their father watch with pride  
Full-hearted at their ways :  
I turn me to my sewing-wheel,  
And give God praise.

I mend their clothes, I tie their shoes—  
These laces never done—  
I kiss them out of doors to school,  
And speed them one by one.

I watch them grow so father-like,  
And ask the world in fee ;  
But go or stay, or man or child,  
They all come back to me.

Ah, who could dream a dream like this  
And let such dreamings go,  
For all the harsh and noisy world  
Could give them, high or low ?

Ah, who could leave a dream like this  
For any pride or place  
Beyond the simple door of home  
With all its kindly grace ?

### *Three Songs*

Give me for aye to dream my dream  
Beside my sewing-wheel !  
Give me to keep my singing heart  
That knows to love and feel !

Give me my arm for man and child  
While life shall last !  
You can have all the pride and place :  
I put them past.

### *Three Songs*

#### I

WHY can I never sing  
The things that move me most ?  
The wonder of an eagle's wing,  
The stillness of white frost ;

The clarity of stars  
Through the long night ;  
Water on sandy bars,  
And dragon-flies in flight ;

Girl-love and boy-love, spun  
Gossamer and flame !  
Life at its morning sun  
Whispering a name . . .

#### II

All day I lay on a brink  
Where an eagle, high  
Sailed serene in flight  
Over earth and sky ;

And it seemed as though I heard,  
As the silent moments ran,  
God out of heaven  
Speaking again to man.

*Hibbart Gilson*

III

Thunder is not His voice ;  
Nor winds, nor sound of sea :  
But the voices of simple things—  
The bird and the bee.

The lightning knoweth Him not,  
Nor the storms that pass ;  
But the flower that drinks of the dew ;  
And the grass.

HIBBART GILSON

“ Uninspired Verse ” (1917) ; “ Sunshine ” (1918) ; “ The  
Hidden Splendour ” (1920) ; “ In and Out of Heaven ” (1921) ;  
“ Songs of the Sylvan Way ” (1922).

*The Convent Marriage Bell*

*I WATCHED beside a nun, when she was dead,  
And heard her Spirit speak . . . these words she said :—*

Out in the green meadow, you hear a linnet singing ;  
And in the convent hid by trees, a bell is ringing,  
Ringing, ringing for me !  
And never again shall a sweeter note be heard  
Than the carol which flows from yonder bird,  
And each echoing clang of the bell ringing,  
Ringing, ringing for me !

Yet the passers-by may raise their hats and drop a tear,  
As mournful seems to them the belfry notes they hear  
Ringing, ringing for me !  
How little they know that every echoing knell  
Seems the sweetest of sounds to me . . . The bell,  
Since my Lord has taken His bride, is ringing,  
Ringing, ringing for me !



LOUIS GOLDING

"Sorrow of War" (1919); "Shepherds Singing Ragtime"  
(1921).

*Ploughman at the Plough*

HE behind the straight plough stands  
Stalwart, firm shafts in firm hands.

Naught he cares for wars and naught  
For the fierce disease of thought.

Only for the winds, the sheer  
Naked impulse of the year,

Only for the soil which stares  
Clean into God's face he cares.

In the stark might of his deed  
There is more than art or creed;

In his wrist more strength is hid  
Than in the monstrous Pyramid;

Stauncher than stern Everest  
Be the muscles of his breast;

Not the Atlantic sweeps a flood  
Potent as the ploughman's blood.

He, his horse, his ploughshare, these  
Are the only verities.

Dawn to dusk with God he stands,  
The Earth poised on his broad hands.

## DOUGLAS GOLDRING

Novelist and poet. "A Country Boy" (1910); "In the Town" (1916); "The Streets and Other Poems" (1921).

### *Juillac-le-Coq*

IT'S to Juillac-le-coq, where the vines stretch o'er the plain,  
And the little streams are running eau-de-vie and the sweet champagne,  
That I'd take my pipe and smoke it, sitting on some garden wall,  
And kick my heels and dream my dreams, and never work at all.  
*For the sun's bright, and the moon's bright, and all the women's eyes  
Are bright there ; and joy's there, and love that fools despise.*

It's a little dusty village, full of laughing men and girls ;  
At the thought of it my breath comes short, my tired brain spins and whirls.  
I must tramp along and find it, choose my sunny white-washed wall,  
And sing my songs, and dream my dreams, and never work at all.  
*There are vines there, and wines there, and straight, long dazzling ways  
That shine white, on a fine night, when high the full moon sways.*

### *Little Houses* (Hill Street, Knightsbridge)

LITTLE houses, though prim, have often a secret glance  
That can speak to a heart outside—as one speaks to me—  
And even their close-drawn curtains seem to enhance  
The charm of their sly reserve, of their mystery. . . .

### *Sonnet*

I like to walk through the Square to your quiet street,  
And look at your windows—with just a suspicion of  
pride—  
For I may go in, when I dare, and sit at your feet,  
But the people who pass can't guess what it's like  
inside.

They haven't a notion—but I see your small arm-chair  
And your dog, by the fire, and your novel thrown on  
the floor ;  
And I know there will always be flowers when you are  
there,  
And always a smile for me, when I open your door.

### EVA GORE-BOOTH

Lyrical and dramatic poet, whose poems have the mysticism, the deep love of Ireland, the wistful, haunting cadences that are characteristic of the Celtic spirit. "Poems" (1898); "Unseen Kings" (1904); "The One and the Many" (1904); "The Three Resurrections" (1905); "The Sorrowful Princess" (1907); "The Agate Lamp" (1912); "The Perilous Light" (1915); "Broken Glory" (1918).

### *Sonnet*

STRONG spirit, striving upward to the light,  
Soul of the world, half smothered in its dust  
Breath of the battle, life's despairing trust,  
In progress and hope's golden wingèd flight !  
Where art thou, spirit? Vainly through the night  
We call. Thy sword is eaten up with rust—  
We know that thou art strong as thou art just,

### *Eva Gore-Booth*

Why hast thou wholly vanished from our sight ?  
The Spirit works in darkness, secretly,  
    Among the hidden depths and roots of things,  
    Down in those caverns where no skylark sings,  
But germs of power and buried forces lie.  
Have patience, when all flags of hope are furled,  
Still there is courage in the under world !

### *Weariness*

AMID the glare of light and song  
    And talk that knows not when to cease,  
The sullen voices of the throng,  
    My weary soul cries out for peace,  
Peace and the quietness of death ;  
    The wash of waters deep and cool,  
The wind too faint for any breath  
    To stir oblivion's silent pool,  
When all who swim against the stream,  
    And they that laugh, and they that weep,  
Shall change like flowers in a dream  
    That wither on the brows of sleep.

For silence is the song sublime,  
    And every voice at last must cease,  
And all the world at evening time  
    Floats downward through the gates of peace,  
Beyond the gloom of shadowy caves  
    Where water washes on the stones,  
And breaks with quiet foamless waves  
    The nights' persistent monotonies ;  
The stars are what the flowers seem,  
    And where the sea of thought is deep  
The moonlight glitters like a dream,  
    On weary waters gone to sleep.

### *The Little Waves of Breffny*

THE grand road from the mountain goes shining to the  
sea,

And there is traffic in it and many a horse and cart,  
But the little roads of Cloonagh are dearer far to me,  
And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through  
my heart.

A great storm from the ocean goes shouting o'er the hill,  
And there is glory in it and terror on the wind,  
But the haunted air of twilight is very strange and still,  
And the little winds of twilight are dearer to my mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming on their  
way,  
Shining green and silver with the hidden herring shoal,  
But the Little Waves of Breffny have drenched my heart  
in spray,  
And the Little Waves of Breffny go stumbling through  
my soul.

### SIR EDMUND GOSSE

One of the most scholarly of modern critics, author of that brilliant study in realistic autobiography, "Father and Son," of the Life of Swinburne, and other biographies and volumes of miscellaneous essays and criticism, Sir Edmund Gosse was first known as a poet with "On Viol and Flute" (1873); "New Poems" (1879); "Firdausi in Exile" (1885), "In Russet and Silver" (1894), etc., but seems to have given himself entirely to prose since he published his "Collected Poems" in 1911.

### *The Voice of D. G. R.*

FROM this carved chair wherein I sit to-night,  
The dead man read in accents deep and strong,  
Through lips that were like Chaucer's, his great song

*Sir Edmund Gosse*

About the beryl and its virgin light ;  
And still that music lives in death's despite,  
    And though my pilgrimage on earth be long,  
    Time cannot do my memory so much wrong  
As e'er to make that gracious voice take flight.  
I sit here with closed eyes ; the sound comes back,  
With youth, and hope, and glory on its track,  
    A solemn organ-music of the mind ;  
So, when the oracular moon brings back the tide,  
After long drought, the sandy channel wide  
    Murmurs with waves, and sings beneath the wind.  
*April, 1882.*

*With a Copy of Herrick*

FRESH with all airs of woodland brooks  
And scents of showers,  
Take to your haunt of holy books  
    This saint of flowers.

When meadows burn with budding May,  
And heaven is blue,  
Before his shrine our prayers we say,—  
    Saint Robin true.

Love crowned with thorns is on his staff,—  
    Thorns of sweet-briar ;  
His benediction is a laugh,  
    Birds are his choir.

His sacred robe of white and red  
    Unction distils ;  
He hath a nimbus round his head  
    Of daffodils.

### *Euthanasia*

WHEN age comes by and lays his frosty hands  
So lightly on mine eyes, that, scarce aware  
Of what an endless weight of gloom they bear,  
I pause, unstirred, and wait for his commands ;  
When time has bound these limbs of mine with bands,  
And hushed mine ears, and silvered all my hair,  
May sorrow come not, nor a vain despair  
Trouble my soul that meekly girded stands.

As silent rivers into silent lakes,  
Through hush of reeds that not a murmur breaks,  
Wind, mindful of the poppies whence they came,  
So may my life, and calmly burn away,  
As ceases in a lamp at break of day  
The fragrant remnant of memorial flame.

### *Blake*

THEY win who never near the goal ;  
They run who halt on wounded feet ;  
Art hath its martyrs like the soul,  
Its victors in defeat.

This seer's ambition soar'd too far ;  
He sank, on pinions backward blown ;  
But, though he touched nor sun nor star,  
He made a world his own.

### GERALD GOULD

Essayist, critic, lecturer, and a journalist who for certain years wrote leaders for and edited a militant daily newspaper, Mr. Gerald Gould is a poet who, except perhaps in lighter

## *Gerald Gould*

moods, has never allowed the journalist in him to influence his verse. "Lyrics" (1906); "Poems" (1911); "Monogamy" (1918); "The Happy Tree" (1919); "The Journey: Odes and Sonnets" (1920).

### *The Earth-Child*

OUT of the veins of the world comes the blood of me ;  
The heart that beats in my side is the heart of the sea ;  
The hills have known me of old, and they do not forget ;  
Long ago I was friends with the wind ; I am friends with  
it yet.

The hills are grey, they are strange ; they breed desire  
Of a tune that the feet may march to and not tire ;  
For always up in the distance the thin roads wind,  
And passing out of sight, they pass not out of mind.

I am glad when morning and evening alter the skies ;  
There speaks no voice of the stars but my voice replies ;  
When wave on wave all night cries out in its need,  
I listen, I understand ; my heart takes heed.

Out of the red-brown earth, out of the grey-brown  
streams,  
Came this perilous body, cage of perilous dreams ;  
'To the ends of all waters and lands they are tossed, they  
are whirled,  
For my dreams are one with my body—yea, one with the  
world.

### *Wander-Thirst*

BEYOND the East the sunrise, beyond the West the sea,  
And East and West the wander-thirst that will not let me  
be ;



### *Father O'Flynn*

It works in me like madness, dear, to bid me say good-  
bye ;

For the seas call and the stars call, and oh ! the call of the  
sky !

I know not where the white road runs, nor what the blue  
hills are,

But a man can have the sun for his friend, and for his  
guide a star ;

And there's no end of voyaging when once the voice is  
heard,

For the rivers call and the roads call, and oh ! the call of  
a bird !

Yonder the long horizon lies, and there by night and day  
The old ships draw to home again, the young ships sail  
away ;

And come I may, but go I must, and if men ask you why,  
You may put the blame on the stars and the sun and the  
white road and the sky.

### ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

Author of the phenomenally popular " *Father O'Flynn*," and  
of lyrics that are more charming but less famous ; has collected  
and edited books of Irish folk-songs, anthologies of Irish  
poetry ; played a leading part in the Irish literary and musical  
renaissance ; and was for many years, like Matthew Arnold,  
an Inspector of Schools. " *Songs of Killarney*" (1872) ; " *Irish  
Songs and Ballads* " (1879) ; " *Father O'Flynn and Other  
Irish Lyrics* " (1889).

### *Father O'Flynn*

OF priests we can offer a charmin' variety,  
Far renowned for larnin' and piety ;

*Alfred Perceval Graves*

Still, I'd advance you, widout impropriety,  
Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.

*Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,  
Slainté, and slainté, and slainté agin ;  
Powerfullest preacher, and  
Tinderest teacher, and  
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.*

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of 'Trinity,  
Famous for ever at Greek and Latinity,  
Dad and the divels and all at Divinity,  
Father O'Flynn 'd make hares of them all.  
Come, I venture to give you my word,  
Never the likes of his logic was heard,  
Down from Mythology  
Into Thayology,  
Troth, and Conchology, if he'd the call.

*Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,  
Slainté, and slainté, and slainté agin ;  
Powerfullest preacher, and  
Tinderest teacher, and  
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.*

Och ! Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful way wid  
you,  
All the ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,  
All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,  
You've such a way wid you, Father avick !  
Still, for all you've so gentle a soul,  
Gad, you've your flock in the grandest conthroul ;  
Checking the crazy ones,  
Coaxin' onaisy ones,  
Liftin' the lazy ones on wid the stick.

*Crethis*

*Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,  
Slainté, and slainté, and slainté agin ;  
Powerfullest preacher, and  
Tinderest teacher, and  
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.*

And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,  
Still at all seasons of innocent jollity,  
Where was the play-boy could claim an equality  
At comicality, Father, wid you ?

Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,  
Till this remark set him off wid the rest :

“ Is it lave gaiety

All to the laity ?

Cannot the clargy be Irishmen too ? ”

*Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,  
Slainté, and slainté, and slainté agin ;  
Powerfullest preacher, and  
Tinderest teacher, and  
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.*

CRETHIS AND MIRANDA

*Crethis*

*(after Meleager)*

“ WHITHER is our Crethis gone ? ”

Still sighs on the Samian maid :

“ Who one half such tales can tell

Half so well within the shade ?

Who such pretty pastimes knows

Now as those our Crethis taught,

Sweetest playmate when we played,

Sweetest workmate when we wrought ?

Dearest chatterbox that e'er

Lightened care—is Crethis dumb—

Into black oblivion passed,

Where at last we all must come ? ”

*Alfred Perceval Graves*

“ Into black oblivion passed ? ”

Meleager, nay, not so,  
Since that maid so sorely missed  
You have kissed long years ago.

Yet when your compelling art  
So touched my heart that I was fain  
Within a measure of the Erse  
Your loveliest verse at once to enchain—

Meleager, little could I think,  
We, too, should drink, forlorn and lone,  
As dark a cup of sorrow up  
For a Crethis of our own.

*Miranda and Her Mother*

“ WHERE is our Miranda gone ? ”  
With sorrow wan, I asked in vain,  
A long, aching year ago,  
And now the snow falls again.

But as it whitens all the road,  
My heart's load at last uplifts,  
For Miranda seems to glide  
At my side among the drifts ;

While the voice I loved so well,  
Like a bell sweet and clear,  
Through the falling of the flakes  
Again takes and takes my ear ;

“ Mother, when your grief was wild  
For your child and you rebelled,  
When God willed that I should die,  
From your cry I was withheld.

*Miranda and Her Mother*

“ But since to comfort other grief  
For relief from yours you go,  
Very near you I have been,  
Though unseen I am sent below.

“ Now to the children take my kiss,  
And tell them this and father, too,  
That I often watch at night  
With angels bright over you.

“ And gently whisper in your ears,  
My four Dears, thoughts that grow  
To dreams of days when with linked hands  
Through summer lands we used to go.

“ And those young aunts and uncles dear  
Who were so near in age to me,  
Brothers and sisters they'd become  
In their Welsh home above the Sea.

“ Where long lovely walks we'd take,  
To mountain lake or far-off strands,  
Or bathe together in the bay  
Or catch-ball play along the sands.

“ Oh, ask them when again they climb  
With song and rhyme our favourite hill  
To unlock their arms that I may glide  
Their steps beside and hear them still.

“ And when home from Harlech town,  
Quite weighed down by her load,  
Grandmother comes, tell her that I  
Still try to help her down the road.

*Robert Graves*

“ And tell Grandfather with my love,  
That here above we study still,  
The Classics we read side by side  
At Easter-tide on Harlech hill.

“ For all our heavenly citizens  
Have work like earthly men’s to do ;  
Nor, as some think, pour praise and song  
The whole night long, the whole day through.

“ But Christ, the Ennobler of their needs,  
Himself His Children upward leads  
Where Science and Art with stone and gem  
Build up His new Jerusalem.”

ROBERT GRAVES

“ Over the Brazier ” (1916); “ Fairies and Fusiliers ” (1917);  
“ Country Sentiment ” (1920); “ The Pier Glass ” (1921).

*Marigold*

WITH a fork drive Nature out,  
She will ever yet return ;  
Hedge the flower bed all about,  
Pull or stab or cut or burn,  
She will ever yet return.

Look : the constant marigold  
Springs again from hidden roots.  
Baffled gardener, you behold  
New beginnings and new shoots  
Spring again from hidden roots.  
Pull or stab or cut or burn,  
They will ever yet return.

### *A Pinch of Salt*

Gardener, cursing at the weed,  
Ere you curse it further, say :  
Who but you planted the seed  
In my fertile heart, one day ?  
Ere you curse me further, say !  
New beginnings and new shoots  
Spring again from hidden roots.  
Pull or stab or cut or burn,  
Love must ever yet return.

### *A Pinch of Salt*

WHEN a dream is born in you  
With a sudden clamorous pain,  
When you know the dream is true  
And lovely, with no flaw nor stain,  
O then, be careful, or with sudden clutch  
You'll hurt the delicate thing you prize so much.

Dreams are like a bird that mocks,  
Flirting the feathers of his tail.  
When you seize at the salt-box  
Over the hedge you'll see him sail.  
Old birds are neither caught with salt nor chaff :  
They watch you from the apple bough and laugh.

Poet, never chase the dream.  
Laugh yourself and turn away.  
Mask your hunger, let it seem  
Small matter if he come or stay ;  
But when he nestles in your hand at last,  
Close up your fingers tight and hold him fast.

*Robert Graves*

*Babylon*

THE child alone a poet is :  
Spring and Fairyland are his.  
Truth and Reason show but dim,  
And all's poetry with him.  
Rhyme and music flow in plenty  
For the lad of one-and-twenty,  
But Spring for him is no more now  
Than daisies to a munching cow ;  
Just a cheery, pleasant season,  
Daisy buds to live at ease on.  
He's forgotten how he smiled  
And shrieked at snowdrops when a child,  
Or wept one evening secretly  
For April's glorious misery.  
Wisdom made him old and wary  
Banishing the Lords of Faery.  
Wisdom made a breach and battered  
Babylon to bits ; she scattered  
To the hedges and the ditches  
All our nursery gnomes and witches.  
Lob and Puck, poor frantic elves,  
Drag their treasures from the shelves  
Jack the Giant-Killer's gone,  
Mother Goose and Oberon,  
Bluebeard and King Solomon.  
Robin, and Red Riding Hood  
'Take together to the wood,  
And Sir Galahad lies hid  
In a cave with Captain Kidd.  
None of all the magic hosts,  
None remain but a few ghosts  
Of timorous heart, to linger on  
Weeping for lost Babylon.



## ROSALEEN GRAVES

“ Night Sounds ” (1923).

### *Choice*

HOW am I most myself ?  
Not in froth of laces,  
Sighing hush of silk,  
Ruffles of frilled foam ;  
In dainty filminesses  
I feel less at home  
Than in hay-scented homespun,  
Fit for rainy places.

Where am I most myself ?  
Not in shops or churches,  
Nor on glittered floors,  
Patterned by dancing feet,  
But striding up cloudy hills  
That are redolent of peat,  
Or watching the sun light up  
The crimson lamps of the larches,

When am I most myself ?  
What do I most enjoy ?  
Talking clothes and scandal ?  
Flirting ? Being polite ?  
Or, when stars prick faintly,  
Turning home at night  
With songs, and a cool wind,  
And the keen talk of a boy ?

JOAN GUTHRIE-SMITH

"Adventure Square" (1922).

*From the Beguinage*

IN the shadow of the cloister, oh, the grass is green and  
deep,  
And the convent cows the sleekest and their munching  
slow and loud ;  
We hear it through our many bells mid lime-flowers full  
of sleep,  
Or lilac in a purple cloud.

Sweet time to deck our Lady in the bloom and blush of  
May,  
The rose scent and the incense and the lily moon on high ;  
Oh feet that cannot wander, oh heart that may not stray  
With the bee and the butterfly !

The mossy gates may crumble, but the soul will never  
leave  
The grass, the gleaming buttercups, the carven saints  
above ;  
More joy in velvet petal, endless prayer and quiet eve  
Than words of war and love.

There's a dewdrop all a-glisten on the honeysuckle sheaf,  
Or a blood-red poppy nodding in a crevice of the wall,  
And a chanted anthem swelling with a beauty past belief ;  
And I scarce regret at all.

There may be paths for roaming, but for me the prayer  
and dole  
Afar from smoke-plumed chimney and the city swart  
and loud ;  
For here are bell and candle and the calm that heals the soul,  
And lilac in a purple cloud.

## STEPHEN GWYNN

Political, topographical and miscellaneous writer ; journalist, novelist, poet ; was for twelve years an Irish Nationalist M.P., and served in the war as captain of Irish Division.

“ Collected Poems ” (1923).

### *In the Churchyard*

THE plumed black horses pacing go  
In formal hideous pomp of woe.  
Lo, this man's mother there ;  
So must my mother fare.

Rough hireling hands, that have not known  
Her living, lift the coffin down,  
And ranged on either hand,  
Strangers and kin, we stand.

They there, we here, and she between,  
So near me, I could almost lean  
And touch her bed ; yet thus  
Remote how far from us !

All changed, all passing—save her hair :  
Death sets no sign of lordship there.  
Years frosted it before,  
Now it shall change no more.

Why not have given her to kind earth  
That from her daisies might have birth,  
That she into the grass  
After her kind might pass ?

That cold, unsightly, pitiless box  
Never again unseals, unlocks.  
How close clamped edges fit !  
Vain to press lips on it.

*Stephen Gwynn*

Hark ! the first clay in handfuls thrown,  
And then the reader's monotone ;  
    Out under the heaven here  
    It scarce arrests the ear.

It stops. With dreadful instant speed  
Men fall to work, as if indeed  
    There were a life to save  
    By filling up a grave.

O set grey eyes of men she bore,  
Watching the trench fill more and more !  
    Set eyes—no tear is shed ;  
    A strong race she has bred.

Still shovelling, shovelling on the dead ;  
And then, one stroke with back of spade  
    To show that all is done,  
    Wage earned and resting won.

Kind hands range flowers on the loose clay,  
Poor pretty hothouse blossoms they,  
    Tarnished already ; Death  
    Has touched them with his breath.

Is there no more, no more to do ?  
No more, no more ; she has her due.  
    Leave her, come home again,  
    'Tis cold here in the rain.

Leave her to Nature ; so 'tis best,  
In that blind bosom lost, to rest.  
    Her separate life is done,  
    With Nature she is one.

### *The First Christmas*

Where Nature strikes, the scar will close,  
And soon the sod together grows.

Her balm is Lethe ; yet  
We for remembrance fret,

And, as each breath men dying draw  
Rebels against the falling law,  
And with a kind of rage  
Heaves up its bony cage,

So strive we, when on Death we think,  
Not into nothingness to sink.

Ah, if none soothe us, still  
Nature is kind : Death will.

### KATHERINE HALE

Canadian poet. "Grey Knitting" (1914) ; "The White Comrade" (1916).

### *The First Christmas*

AS that Judean land which long ago  
Waited through centuries to find a face  
Where human and divine met first in grace  
And proved high love incarnate here below :—  
A little world that worshipped pomp and show  
Yet lay, as many a strange, imperial race,  
Whom haunting dreams for evermore encase,  
Calling a vision that the soul must know—

So through the ways I could not understand,  
Through light that dawned to disappear again,  
And pale mirage upon the distance cast,  
I waited even as that lonely land,  
And no dark night has ever been in vain,  
Since heaven shines through thee to me at last.

## THOMAS HARDY

Mr. Hardy was a poet long before he was a novelist, and in his twenties, as he has told us, "practised the writing of poetry" very assiduously; but abandoned that art when he began his career as a novelist and, with characteristic wholeheartedness, devoted himself to the writing of those great novels that made him famous. When he found that his two last, "Tess" and "Jude the Obscure," were prudishly misunderstood or misinterpreted, he resolved to write no more fiction and, turning back to his earlier art, has since become almost equally famous as one of the chief of living poets. "Wessex Poems" (1898); "Poems of the Past and Present" (1901); "The Dynasts" (1903-6-8); "Time's Laughing Stocks" (1909); "Satires of Circumstance" (1914); "Moments of Vision" (1917); "Complete Poetical Works" (1919); "Late Lyrics" (1922).

### *The Ghost of the Past*

WE two kept house, the Past and I,  
The Past and I;  
Through all my tasks it hovered nigh,  
Leaving me never alone.  
It was a spectral housekeeping  
Where fell no jarring tone,  
As strange, as still a housekeeping  
As ever has been known.

As daily I went up the stair  
And down the stair,  
I did not mind the Bygone there—  
The Present once to me;  
Its moving meek companionship  
I wished might ever be,  
There was in that companionship  
Something of ecstasy.

### *The Night of Trafalgar*

It dwelt with me just as it was,  
Just as it was  
When first its prospects gave me pause  
In wayward wanderings,  
Before the years had torn old troths  
As they tear all sweet things,  
Before gaunt griefs had wrecked old troths  
And dulled old rapturings.

And then its form began to fade,  
Began to fade,  
Its gentle echoes faintlier played  
At eves upon my ear  
Than when the autumn's look embrowned  
The lonely chambers here,  
The autumn's settling shades embrowned  
Nooks that it haunted near.

And so with time my vision less,  
Yea, less and less  
Makes of that past my housemistress,  
It dwindles in my eye ;  
It looms a far-off skeleton  
And not a comrade nigh,  
A flitting, fitful skeleton  
Dimming as days draw by.

### *The Night of Trafalgar*

*(Boatman's Song)*

IN the wild October night-time, when the wind raved  
round the land,  
And the Back-sea met the Front-sea, and our doors were  
blocked with sand,

*Thomas Hardy*

And we heard the drub of Dead-man's Bay, where bones  
of thousands are,  
We knew not what the day had done for us at Trafalgar.  
Had done,  
Had done,  
For us at Trafalgar !

“ Pull hard, and make the Nothe, or down we go ! ” one  
says, says he.  
We pulled ; and bedtime brought the storm ; but snug  
at home slept we.  
Yet all the while our gallants after fighting through the  
day,  
Were beating up and down the dark, sou'west of Cadiz Bay.  
The dark,  
The dark,  
Sou'west of Cadiz Bay !

The victors and the vanquished then the storm it tossed  
and tore,  
As hard they strove, those worn-out men, upon that  
surly shore ;  
Dead Nelson and his half-dead crew, his foes from near  
and far,  
Were rolled together on the deep that night at Trafalgar.  
The deep,  
The deep,  
That night at Trafalgar !

*At an Inn*

WHEN we as strangers sought  
Their catering care,  
Veiled smiles bespoke their thought  
Of what we were.  
They warmed as they opined  
Us more than friends—



*At an Inn*

That we had all resigned  
For love's dear ends.

And that swift sympathy  
With living love  
Which quicks the world—maybe  
The spheres above,  
Made them our ministers,  
Moved them to say,  
“ Ah, God, that bliss like theirs  
Would flush our day ! ”

And we were left alone  
As Love's own pair ;  
Yet never the love-light shone  
Between us there,  
But that which chilled the breath  
Of afternoon,  
And palsied unto death  
The pane-fly's tune.

The kiss their zeal foretold,  
And now deemed come,  
Came not : within his hold  
Love lingered numb.  
Why cast he on our port  
A bloom not ours ?  
Why shaped us for his sport  
In after-hours ?

As we seemed we were not  
That day afar,  
And now we seem not what  
We aching are.  
O severing sea and land,  
O laws of men,  
Ere death, once let us stand  
As we stood then !

## ALFRED HAYES

"The Death of St. Louis" (1885); "The Last Crusade" (1886); "David Western" (1887); "The March of Man" (1891); "The Vale of Arden" (1895); "The Cup of Quietness" (1911); "Simon de Montfort" (1921).

### *One Thing Wanting*

NOT for the gift of strength that cannot tire,  
Not for a fuller, nobler, sphere of strife,  
Nor purer draughts of joy, do I desire  
    An after life.

Here 'tis no paltry warfare; if death ends  
The fight, then death is rest, and rest is gain;  
And life had moments that made large amends  
    For all its pain.

Nor do I greatly long to see unfurled  
The scroll of fate, the clouds dispelled from earth;  
The shadow and the mystery of the world  
    Are half its worth.

One boon alone I covet, here denied,—  
Commune of soul with soul, skill to remove  
The veils that keep our lives apart and hide  
    The truth of love;

To feel from heart to heart emotion pass,  
The deep content of spiritual embrace;  
To see no longer darkly through a glass  
    But face to face.

Love is a hunger never here appeased,  
A question never answered; vainly speech  
Pursueth; long ere love's intent be seized,  
    'Tis out of reach.

*Time, You old Gipsy Man*

I fear no disenchantment ; I would prove  
That here things seem less precious than they are ;  
My faith is, that the hearts of those I love  
Are greater far

Than thought can comprehend, or tongue express ;  
If death reveal love's truth, then I rejoice  
To die ; meanwhile a silent wistfulness  
Is love's best voice.

RALPH HODGSON

Few poets have won more fame with less work ; but his two books, especially the second and smaller of them, contain a handful of lyrics that are as great as if they were ten times as many. "The Last Blackbird" (1907) ; "Poems" (1917).

*Time, You old Gipsy Man*

TIME, you old gipsy man,  
Will you not stay,  
Put up your caravan  
Just for one day ?

All things I'll give you  
Will you be my guest,  
Bells for your jennet  
Of silver the best,  
Goldsmiths shall beat you  
A great golden ring,  
Peacocks shall bow to you,  
Little boys sing,  
Oh, and sweet girls will  
Festoon you with may,  
Time, you old gipsy,  
Why hasten away ?

*Ralph Hodgson*

Last week in Babylon,  
Last night in Rome,  
Morning, and in the crush,  
Under Paul's dome ;  
Under Paul's dial  
You tighten your rein—  
Only a moment,  
And off once again ;  
Off to some city  
Now blind in the womb,  
Off to another  
Ere that's in the tomb.

Time, you old gipsy man,  
Will you not stay,  
Put up your caravan  
Just for one day.

*The Gipsy Girl*

" COME, try your skill, kind gentlemen,  
A penny for three tries !"  
Some threw and lost, some threw and won  
A ten-a-penny prize.

She was a tawny gipsy girl,  
A girl of twenty years,  
I liked her for the lumps of gold  
That jingled from her ears.

I liked the flaring yellow scarf  
Bound loose about her throat,  
I liked her showy purple gown  
And flashy velvet coat.

*The Down by Moonlight*

A man came up, too loose of tongue,  
And said no good to her ;  
She did not blush as Saxons do,  
Or turn upon the cur ;

She fawned and whined " Sweet gentleman,  
A penny for three tries ! "  
—But oh, the den of wild things in  
The darkness of her eyes !

*The Down by Moonlight*

THE down looks new whose lonely slopes I climb,  
Yet is he old despite the dress he wears :  
Old as the dark and concrete with Time,

Waste with the affliction of uncounted years.  
A weary head he stretches to the pale  
Of Heaven ; one bended arm of him uprears

A shaggy fist, as if to turn the hail  
And fire of tempest fraught with new distress  
For his old brow ; and one arm seems to trail

Its atrophied and bony nakedness  
Down to the streams that bless the living land,  
As if, to mitigate the loneliness,

He too would reach, as we, another's hand.  
So quiet this hour is grown, a whisper's fall  
Were sacrilege ; within me as I stand

Shy wonder, waking, seems a common brawl,  
And even thought itself is over loud ;  
Desire alone is dumb ; no plovers call ;

*Norah M. Holland*

And if owls fly, their flight is unavowed  
For cry I hear of theirs : peace here and far,  
And save the moon's loved presence one lit cloud  
Is sole 'twixt me and night's first listening star.

NORAH M. HOLLAND

Canadian poet. "Spun Yarn and Spindrift" (1918).

*The Little Dog-Angel*

HIGH up in the courts of Heaven to-day  
A little dog-angel waits,  
With the other angels he will not play,  
But he sits alone at the gates ;  
" For I know that my master will come," says he :  
" And when he comes, he will call for me."

He sees the spirits that pass him by  
As they hasten towards the throne,  
And he watches them with a wistful eye  
As he sits at the gates alone ;  
" But I know if I just wait patiently  
That some day my master will come," says he.

And his master, far on the earth below,  
As he sits in his easy chair,  
Forgets sometimes, and he whistles low  
For the dog that is not there ;  
And the little dog-angel cocks his ears,  
And dreams that his master's call he hears.

And I know, when at length his master waits  
Outside in the dark and cold

*The Master of Shadows*

For the hand of Death to open the gates  
That lead to those courts of gold,  
The little dog-angel's eager bark  
Will comfort his soul in the shivering dark.

*The Master of Shadows*

INTO the western waters  
Slow sinks the sunset light,  
And the voice of the Wind of Shadows  
Calls to my heart to-night—

Calls from the magic countries,  
The lost and the lovely lands  
Where stands the Master of Shadows,  
Holding the dreams in his hands.

All the dreams of the ages  
Gather around him there,  
Visions of things forgotten  
And things that never were.

Birds in the swaying woodlands,  
Creatures furry and small,  
Turn to the Master of Shadows  
And he gives of his dreams to all.

Lo ! I am worn and weary,  
Sick of the garish light ;  
Blow, thou Wind of the Shadows,  
Into my heart to-night.

Out of the magic countries,  
The lost and the lovely lands,  
Where he, the Master of Shadows,  
Waits, with the dreams in his hands.

## ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN

Has been called " an English Omar Khayyam," and his ironical, stoical philosophy is somewhat Omarian, but he is essentially English ; his verses steeped in the colour, life and atmosphere of rural England as " 'The Rubáiyát ' " in the warmer light and subtler imagery of the Orient. " A Shropshire Lad " (1896) ;  
" Last Poems " (1922).

### *Sinner's Rue*

I WALKED alone and thinking,  
And faint the nightwind blew  
And stirred on mounds at crossways  
The flower of sinner's rue.

Where the roads part they bury  
Him that his own hand slays,  
And so the weed of sorrow  
Springs at the four cross ways

By night I plucked it hueless,  
When morning broke 'twas blue :  
Blue at my breast I fastened  
The flower of sinner's rue.

It seemed a herb of healing,  
A balsam and a sign,  
Flower of a heart whose trouble  
Must have been worse than mine.

Dead clay that did me kindness,  
I can do none to you,  
But only wear for breast-knot  
The flower of sinner's rue.



## LAURENCE HOUSMAN

Is draughtsman, novelist, dramatist, critic, as well as poet ; and as draughtsman and poet is in the Pre-Raphaelite line of descent. In his poetry, much of a mediæval mystic, but so modern that he took an active part in the woman's suffrage movement. "Green Arras" (1896) ; "Spikenard" (1898) ; "Rue" (1899) ; "Mendicant Rhymes" (1906) ; "Selected Poems" (1909) ; "The Heart of Peace" (1919) ; etc.

### *In a Garden*

IN the twilight carols a bird. It is March here still ;  
The bough hangs bare, and the earth and the air are  
chill.

And—had I my will—have I any song to be heard,  
And voice to make others rejoice—not a word ? Not a  
word !

His heart out of gladness within, pours gladness with-  
out.

No nook in this garden that hears him—no alley or  
glade—

But sounds like the arbours of Eden while he is about :  
His voice in the garden is God's, and has made me  
afraid.

Where are you ? Where are you ? he cries. I am here !  
I am here !

Comes a voice out of cover responding :—alas, but not  
mine !

I have eaten the bread of the wise, I am drunken with  
care ;

I know I am mortal. But he, that knows not, is divine.

*Laurence Housman*

*The Settlers*

HOW green the earth, how blue the sky,  
How pleasant all the days that pass,  
Here where the British settlers lie  
Beneath their cloaks of grass !

Here ancient peace resumes her round,  
And rich from toil stand hill and plain ;  
Men reap and store ; but they sleep sound,  
The men who sowed the grain.

Hard to the plough their hands they put,  
And wheresoe'er the soil had need  
The furrow drove, and underfoot  
They sowed themselves for seed.

Ah ! not like him whose hand made yield  
The brazen kine with fiery breath,  
And over all the Colchian field  
Strewed far the seeds of death ;

Till, as day sank, awoke to war  
The seedlings of the dragon's teeth,  
And death ran multiplied once more  
Across the hideous heath.

But rich in flocks be all these farms,  
And fruitful be the fields which hide  
Brave eyes that love the light, and arms  
That never clasped a bride !

O willing hearts turned quick to clay,  
Glad lovers holding death in scorn,  
Out of the lives ye cast away  
The coming race is born.

## *Bonds*

AS a stream that runs to sea  
Ever by its banks is led,  
And by windings shepherded ;  
So in bonds though bound I be,  
I through limits reach to Thee.

These dear bonds wherein I chafe,  
Wishing, " Would that I were free ! "  
These it is which hold me safe,  
Bringing me at last to Thee,  
As the stream is brought to sea.

Penning it from side to side,  
Shepherding its little streams,  
Every bank a barrier seems :  
Yet the stream would soon be dried  
If the channel were too wide.

Here fast bound by bank and fence,  
Where I have not space to spread,  
Still my body, chafed by sense,  
Feels a spirit cross its bed,  
As a stream goes current-led.

Human minds so move about,  
Only if fenced round with doubt ;  
Only if denied their grasp  
Gain the everlasting clasp.  
Only streams which fettered be  
Fret their way at last to sea.

So, with limits for my guide,  
Safe, I shall not wander wide ;  
But, where we are meant to meet,  
Find in Thee the Life denied :  
Falling low shall kiss Thy Feet,  
Reaching far shall touch Thy Side.

## ALDOUS HUXLEY

As brilliantly imaginative in the romance and bizarre realism of his verse as in the prose fiction that has made him popular. "The Burning Wheel" (1916); "The Defeat of Youth and Other Poems" (1918); "Leda" (1920).

### *Italy*

THERE is a country in my mind,  
Lovelier than a poet blind  
Could dream of, who had never known  
This world of drought and dust and stone  
In all its ugliness : a place  
Full of an all but human grace ;  
Whose dells retain the printed form  
Of heavenly sleep, and seem yet warm  
From some pure body newly risen ;  
Where matter is no more a prison,  
But freedom for the soul to know  
Its native beauty. For things glow  
There with an inward truth and are  
All fire and colour like a star.  
And in that land are domes and towers  
That hang as light and bright as flowers  
Upon the sky, and seem a birth  
Rather of air than solid earth.

Sometimes I dream that walking there  
In the green shade, all unaware  
At a new turn of the golden glade,  
I shall see her, and as though afraid  
Shall halt a moment and almost fall  
For passing faintness, like a man  
Who feels the sudden spirit of Pan  
Brimming his narrow soul with all

### *The Canal*

The illimitable world. And she,  
Turning her head, will let me see  
The first sharp dawn of her surprise  
Turning to welcome in her eyes.  
And I shall come and take my lover,  
And looking on her re-discover  
All her beauty :—her dark hair  
And little ears beneath it, where  
Roses of lucid shadow sleep ;  
Her brooding mouth, and in the deep  
Wells of her eyes reflected stars. . . .

Oh, the imperishable things  
That hands and lips as well as words  
Shall speak ! Oh movements of white wings,  
Oh wheeling galaxies of birds . . . !

### *The Canal*

NO dip and dart of swallow wakes the black  
Slumber of the canal :—a mirror dead  
For lack of loveliness remembered  
From ancient azures and green trees, for lack  
Of some white beauty given and flung back,  
Secret, to her that gave ; no sun has bled  
To wake an echo here of answering red ;  
The surface stirs to no leaf's wind-blown track.

Between unseeing walls the waters rest,  
Lifeless and hushed, till suddenly a swan  
Glides from some broader river blue as day,  
And with the mirrored magic of his breast  
Creates within that barren water-way  
New life, new loveliness, and passes on.

## VIOLET JACOB

“Verses” (1905); “Songs of Angus” (1915); “More Songs of Angus” (1918).

### *At a Brookside*

A RUNNING melody is in the noon  
Of grass-bound rivulet and tangled showers,  
Of sunlight, glancing through the cuckoo-flowers  
To mingle golden ripples with the tune;  
In the wide light my senses seem to swoon,  
Drugged by the monotone of rhythmic hours  
And voice of spring-fed watercourse that dowers  
This winding meadow-land with music's boon.

Caught in a shimmering net of sight and sound,  
And drawn, I know not whither, yet aware  
Am I of some soft touch, and, blown around.  
My face, the plentitude of waving hair—  
Nay, let me lie and dream this wondrous thing;  
My hand, one moment, held the hand of Spring!

### *Armed*

GIVE me to-night to hide me in the shade,  
That neither moon nor star  
May see the secret place where I am laid,  
Nor watch me from afar.

Let not the dark its prying ghosts employ  
To peer on my retreat,  
And see the fragments of my broken toy  
Lie scattered at my feet.

I fashioned it, that idol of my own,  
Of metal strange and bright;  
I made my toy a god—I raised a throne  
To honour my delight.

*My Love is in a Light Attire*

This haunted byway of the grove was lit  
With lamps my hand had trimmed,  
Before the altar in the midst of it  
I kept their flame undimmed.

My steps turned ever to the hidden shrine ;  
Aware or unaware,  
My soul dwelt only in that spot divine,  
And now a wreck lies there.

Give me to-night to weep—when dawn is spread  
Beyond the heavy trees,  
And in the east the day is heralded  
By cloud-wrought companies.

I shall have gathered up my heart's desire,  
Broken, destroyed, adored,  
And from its splinters, in a deathless fire,  
I shall have forged a sword.

JAMES JOYCE

In the storm of controversy that rages round his "Ulysses" one is apt to overlook the quiet charm of some of the things in Mr. Joyce's one early book of verse, "Chamber Music" (1907).

MY love is in a light attire  
Among the apple-trees,  
Where the gay winds do most desire  
To run in companies.

There, where the gay winds stay to woo  
The young leaves as they pass,  
My love goes slowly, bending to  
Her shadow on the grass ;

*Sheila Kaye-Smith*

And where the sky's a pale blue cup  
Overing the laughing land,  
My love goes lightly, holding up  
Her dress with dainty hand.

THE twilight turns from amethyst  
To deep and deeper blue,  
The lamp fills with a pale green glow  
The trees of the avenue.

The old piano plays an air,  
Sedate and slow and gay ;  
She bends upon the yellow keys,  
Her head inclines this way.

Shy thoughts and grave wide eyes and hands  
That wander as they list—  
The twilight turns to darker blue  
With lights of amethyst.

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

The best of her poems are as imaginatively realistic as her novels, and the nature and human nature of Sussex enter almost as largely into many of them. "Willow's Forge and Other Poems" (1914); "Saints in Sussex" (1923).

*To My Body—A Thanksgiving*

THOUGH thou hast set me many a snare,  
And cost me many a groan,  
And causèd feet to slip that were  
Far dearer than my own—  
Though thou hast been both sword and gin  
To others and to me,  
Yet I recall what thou didst win  
Once for my soul, and I give thanks to thee.



*To My Body—A Thanksgiving*

For once, when all my heavens fell  
And each hour that went by  
Brought nearer to the pit of hell  
The Dayspring which is I—  
When all unheard the highest cried,  
When lost were course and goal,  
When hope had fled and faith had died—  
Thou, even thou, didst then redeem my soul.

Thou broughtest me unto the snow,  
And thou didst force through me  
The pumping blood, that I might know  
How fierce my flesh could be ;  
My flesh—till then half love, half dread—  
Became an armoured tower,  
To which my wounded spirit fled  
And found a refuge in its bitter hour.

Thou didst deny the healing sleep  
Unless I strove all day  
With thews and muscles, fierce to keep  
The wolves of thought at bay ;  
And thou didst crown thyself with strength,  
And lift thyself on high,  
And free salvation win at length  
For the poor soul that thought it was to die.

Redemption thou didst work for me,  
And forth into the light  
Crept my healed spirit, saved by thee  
From all the hells of night—  
And this I never shall forget,  
And so I can forgive  
Thy treacheries, and thank thee yet,  
For 'tis through thee I have found grace to live.

*Sheila Kaye-Smith*

And more, for I know that some day  
A greater wonder thou  
Shalt work for me, when thou shalt slay  
What thou hast quickened now.  
As once thy life did make me whole,  
So once thy death shall reap  
Both for thyself and for my soul  
The last redemption of a long, long sleep.

*The Ascension Day*

SO Thou hast left us and our meadows,  
Lord, Who has blessed us and our meadows—  
Lord of the sorrel-hearted hay,  
Lord of the pollened flowers of May.  
From our fields Thou hast ascended,  
Passing into the anthered light  
Beyond the sun, by the winds attended—  
And the Sussex fields are white  
With daisies, and the diadem  
Of the hawthorn crowns the hedge.  
And at the blue pond's reedy edge,  
Like a brodered, silken hem  
The yellow irises are blown.  
Lord, Thou art gone, and gone alone.

Dost Thou think of us and our meadows,  
Lord, Who hast left us and our meadows ?  
In shining pastures of the sky  
Thou walkest, Lord, ascended high.  
The stars are flowers about thy feet,  
And looking up to Thee we see  
The River flowing silently—  
The Milky River, broad and sweet  
As Rother River here below,  
While planets the dim marshes strow,

### *The Ascension Day*

And constellations flower and fade.  
O Lord, Thou hast Thy country there,  
The fields and meadows of the sky,  
The fields and meadows ever fair,  
The dear, divine, undying glade.  
At night we too walk in Thy meadows.  
At midnight I may hear Thy call,  
And ride to Thee on the moon's light—  
To where the living waters fall,  
And the unfading fields are bright,  
The stars are flowers about our feet,  
And at my side Thou art the sweet  
Perfumed, eternal Breath of May. . . .

With a sob the pale-eyed day  
Wakens at the Rother's mouth,  
And back to earthly fields I go,  
And back to earthly toil, and slow  
Hot days of the slow, drawling South,  
Toiling to keep the fields alive.  
For our poor meadows cannot thrive  
On just the memory of Thy feet,  
Which trod them once and found them sweet.  
Our tears, our sweat, must give them life,  
For Thou, our Lord, hast gone on high  
To golden countries of the sky,  
To golden fields of golden stars  
Beyond the echo of our strife. . . .  
Yet there, upon the shining hill,  
Thou dreamest of our meadows still,  
And Lord, we have Thy promise plain  
That Thou wilt walk in them again.

## RUDYARD KIPLING

Commonly described as "the poet of Imperialism," but so much more than that, he would remain one of the greatest figures in contemporary poetry if all his Imperialistic verse were cancelled. Like Shakespeare, never the idol of a little clan, he wrote for the crowd, but not like one of it. He has wrought miracles with colloquial speech, but his finer prose and verse is in the simple, glowingly imaginative language of great literature. "Departmental Ditties" (1886); "Barrack-Room Ballads" (1892); "The Seven Seas" (1896); "The Five Nations" (1903); "Collected Verse" (1912); "Songs from Books" (1913); "The Years Between" (1918).

### *The Children's Song*

LAND of our Birth, we pledge to thee  
Our love and toil in the years to be;  
When we are grown and take our place,  
As men and women with our race.

Father in Heaven who lovest all,  
Oh help Thy children when they call;  
That they may build from age to age,  
An undefiled heritage.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,  
With steadfastness and careful truth;  
That, in our time, Thy Grace may give  
The Truth whereby the Nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves always,  
Controlled and cleanly night and day;  
That we may bring, if need arise,  
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends,  
On thee for judge, and not our friends;  
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed  
By fear or favour of the crowd.

### *The Explorer*

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,  
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak ;  
That, under Thee, we may possess  
Man's strength to comfort man's distress

Teach us Delight in simple things  
And Mirth that has no bitter springs ;  
Forgiveness free of evil done,  
And Love to all men 'neath the sun !

Land of our Birth, our faith, our pride,  
For whose dear sake our fathers died ;  
O Motherland, we pledge to thee,  
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be !

### *The Explorer*

"THERE'S no sense in going further—it's the edge of  
cultivation,"  
So they said, and I believed it—broke my land and sowed  
my crop—  
Built my barns and strung my fences in the little border  
station  
Tucked away below the foothills where the trails run out  
and stop.

Till a voice, as bad as Conscience, rang interminable  
changes  
On one everlasting Whisper day and night repeated—  
so :  
"Something hidden, Go and find it. Go and look  
behind the Ranges—  
Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting  
for you. Go !"

*Rudyard Kipling*

So I went, worn out of patience ; never told my nearest  
neighbours—  
Stole away with pack and ponies—left 'em drinking in  
the town ;  
And the faith that moveth mountains didn't seem to  
help my labours  
As I faced the sheer main-ranges, whipping up and lead-  
ing down.

March by march I puzzled through 'em, turning flanks  
and dodging shoulders,  
Hurried on in hope of water, headed back for lack of  
grass ;  
Till I camped above the tree-line—drifted snow and  
naked boulders—  
Felt free air astir to windward—knew I'd stumbled on  
the Pass ;

Thought to name it for the finder ; but that night the  
Norther found me—  
Froze and killed the plains-bred ponies, so I called the  
camp Despair  
(It's the Railway Gap to-day, though). Then my  
Whisper waked to hound me :—  
“ Something lost behind the Ranges. Over yonder.  
Go you there ! ”

Then I knew, the while I doubted—knew His Hand was  
certain o'er me.  
Still it might be self-delusion—scores of better men had  
died—  
I could reach the township living, but . . . He knows  
what terrors tore me . . .  
But I didn't . . . but I didn't. I went down the other  
side.

### *The Explorer*

Till the snow ran out in flowers, and the flowers turned  
to aloes,  
And the aloes sprung to thickets and a brimming stream  
ran by ;  
But the thickets dwined to thorn-scrub, and the water  
drained to shallows—  
And I dropped again on desert, blasted earth, and blast-  
ing sky . . .

I remember lighting fires ; I remember sitting by  
them ;  
I remember seeing faces, hearing voices through the  
smoke ;  
I remember they were fancy—for I threw a stone to try  
them.  
“ Something lost behind the Ranges ” was the only  
word they spoke.

I remember going crazy : I remember that I knew it  
When I heard myself hallooing to the funny folk I  
saw.  
Very full of dreams that desert ; but my two legs took  
me through it. . . .  
And I used to watch 'em moving with the toes all black  
and raw.

But at last the country altered—White man's country  
past disputing—  
Rolling grass and open timber, with a hint of hills  
behind—  
There I found me food and water, and I lay a week  
recruiting,  
Got my strength and lost my nightmares. Then I  
entered on my find.

### *Rudyard Kipling*

Thence I ran my first rough survey—chose my trees and  
blazed and ringed 'em—  
Week by week I pried and sampled—week by week my  
findings grew.  
David went to look for donkeys, and by God he found a  
kingdom !  
But by God, who sent His Whisper, I had struck the  
worth of two !

Up along the hostile mountains, where the hair-poised  
snow-slide shivers—  
Down and through the big fat marshes that the virgin  
ore-bed stains,  
Till I heard the mile-wide mutterings of unimagined  
rivers,  
And beyond the nameless timber saw illimitable plains !

Plotted sites of future cities, traced the easy grades  
between 'em ;  
Watched unharnessed rapids wasting fifty thousand head  
an hour ;  
Counted leagues of water-frontage through the axe-ripe  
woods that screen 'em—  
Saw the plant to feed a people—up and waiting for the  
power !

Well I know who'll take the credit—all the clever chaps  
that followed—  
Came, a dozen men together—never knew my desert fears ;  
Tracked me by the camps I'd quitted, used the water  
holes I'd hollowed.  
They'll go back and do the talking. They'll be called  
the Pioneers.



## *The Explorer*

They will find my sites of townships—not the cities that  
I set there.

They will rediscover rivers—not my rivers heard at night.  
By my own old marks and bearings they will show me  
how to get there

By the lonely cairns I builded they will guide my feet  
aright.

Have I named one single river? Have I claimed one  
single acre?

Have I kept one single nugget—(barring samples?) No,  
not I.

Because my price was paid me ten times over by my  
Maker.

But you wouldn't understand it. You go up and occupy.

Ores you'll find there; wood and cattle, water transit  
sure and steady

(That should keep the railway rates down), coal and iron  
at your doors.

God took care to hide that country till He judged His  
people ready.

Then He chose me for his Whisper, and I've found it,  
and it's yours.

Yes, your "Never-never country"—Yes, your "edge  
of cultivation"

And "no sense in going further"—till I crossed the  
range to see.

God forgive me! No, I didn't. It's God's present to  
our nation.

Anybody might have found it but—His Whisper came  
to me!

## *Rudyard Kipling*

### *Sussex*

GOD gave all men all earth to love,  
But since our hearts are small,  
Ordnained for each one spot should prove  
Belovèd over all ;  
That as He watched Creation's birth,  
So we, in godlike mood,  
May of our love create our earth  
And see that it is good.

So one shall Baltic pines content,  
As one some Surrey glade,  
Or one the palm-grove's droned lament  
Before Levuka's trade.  
Each to his choice, and I rejoice  
The lot has fallen to me  
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—  
Yea, Sussex by the sea !

No tender-hearted garden crowns,  
No bosomed woods adorn  
Our blunt, bow-headed, whale-backed Downs  
But gnarled and writhen thorn—  
Bare slopes where chasing shadows skim,  
And through the gaps revealed  
Belt upon belt, the wooded, dim  
Blue goodness of the Weald

Clean of officious fence or hedge,  
Half-wild and wholly tame,  
The wise turf cloaks the white cliff edge  
As when the Romans came.  
What sign of those that fought and died  
At shift of sword and sword ?  
The barrow and the camp abide,  
The sunlight and the sward.

### *Sussex*

Here leaps ashore the full Sou'west  
All heavy-winged with brine,  
Here lies above the folded crest  
The Channel's leaden line ;  
And here the sea-fogs lap and cling,  
And here, each warning each,  
The sheep-bells and the ship-bells ring  
Along the hidden beach.

We have no waters to delight  
Our broad and brookless vales—  
Only the dewpond on the height  
Unfed, that never fails,  
Whereby no tattered herbage tells  
Which way the season flies—  
Only our close-bit thyme that smells  
Like dawn in Paradise.

Here through the strong unhampered days  
The tinkling silence thrills ;  
Or little, lost, Down churches praise  
The Lord who made the hills :  
But here the old Gods guard their round,  
And, in her secret heart,  
The heathen kingdom Wilfred found  
Dreams as she dwells apart

Though all the rest were all my share  
With equal soul I'd see  
Her nine and thirty sisters fair,  
Yet none more fair than she.  
Choose ye your need from Thames to Tweed,  
And I will choose instead  
Such lands as lie 'twixt Rake and Rye,  
Black Down and Beachy Head.

*Rudyard Kipling*

I will go out against the sun  
Where the rolled scarp retires,  
And the Long Man of Wilmington  
Looks naked towards the shires ;  
And East till doubling Rother crawls  
To find the fickle tide,  
By dry and sea-forgotten walls,  
Our ports of stranded pride

I will go North about the shaws  
And the deep ghylls that breed  
Huge oaks and old, the which we hold  
No more than "Sussex weed" ;  
Or South where windy Piddinghoe's  
Beguiled dolphin veers,  
And black beside wide-bankèd Ouse  
Lie down our Sussex steers.

So to the land our hearts we give  
Till the sure magic strike,  
And Memory, Use, and Love make live  
Us and our fields alike—  
That deeper than our speech and thought,  
Beyond our reason's sway,  
Clay of the pit whence we were wrought  
Yearns to its fellow-clay.

*God gives all men all earth to love,  
But since man's heart is small,  
Ordains for each one spot shall prove  
Belovèd over all.  
Each to his choice, and I rejoice  
The lot has fallen to me  
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—  
Yea, Sussex by the sea.*

EDMUND GEORGE VALPY KNOX

“ Evoe,” of *Punch*. “ The Brazen Lyre ” (1911) ; “ A Little Loot ” (1919) ; “ Parodies Regained ” (1921).

*Lost Innocence*

THE hours of gold come back to me  
That Time has pinched (he can't return 'em),  
The well-remembered chestnut tree  
    (Or was it, after all, laburnum ?),  
        The rural rill,  
The shriek of dying pigs—I hear them still.

'Tis out of no bucolic whim  
I promulgate agrarian measures ;  
But, now that London's lure is dim,  
And stale to me her storied pleasures,  
        I'd give a lot  
To be like some of those to whom they're not.

I see them rubicund and hale,  
Men whom the underground nonpluses,  
Who cling convulsive to the rail  
Of apoplectic motor-'buses,  
        On fire to view  
The splendours of St. Stephen's and the Zoo.

From hamlets far away they wend,  
They breathe the air of brake and coppice,  
They know not which the southward end  
Of Regent Street, and which the top is ;  
        They also cube  
By devious jinks their journeys to the Tube

*Edmund George Valpy Knox*

Ah, would that I could feel the thrill,  
As once I felt, of urban clamour,  
Could lose my heart to Ludgate-Hill.  
And re-experience the glamour  
Of Oxford Street,  
The magic and the mystery of the Fleet,

Could share the wild delirious sense  
Of those who hie from havens stilly,  
And, flotsam on its seas immense,  
Could pause again in Piccadilly  
To ask some bland  
Policeman, " Officer, is this the Strand ? "

*Heads and Hearts*

LONG ago, my dear, when Science  
Loaned from Fancy what she lacked,  
Placing rather more reliance  
On hypothesis than Fact,  
People with perverted notions  
Laid the body out in lots,  
And located our emotions  
In the most unlikely spots.

Thus, they prate about our " choler,"  
Thus, they babble of our " spleen,"  
Phrases which the finished scholar  
Merely understands to mean  
That a somewhat wild vagary  
Made the old philosopher  
Range around his " little Mary "  
Passions far removed from her.

## *Heads and Hearts*

We of course are not so foolish :  
We to-day should scorn to see  
Such a " never-went-to-schoolish "  
Physical anatomy ;  
Yet we keep one superstition :  
Age to erring age imparts  
One deplorable tradition :  
'Tis the Shibboleth of Hearts.

So we find the shops again full  
Of St. Valentine his Ghost ;  
Hearts, devoted or disdainful,  
Interchange, and by the post  
Light-apparelled Loves await us  
Piercing with pictorial darts  
That hydraulic apparatus  
Of the inter-costal parts.

Well, they're wrong, then, let me tell 'em  
Since the seat where passions reign  
Lies beyond the cerebellum,  
Somewhere in the upper brain ;  
Love's a kind of ideo-motor  
Action that depends upon  
Certain centres in the coat or  
Rind of the encephalon

That is why I send no token  
Of a cardiac distress ;  
Hearts, my darling, are not broken  
In the Stream of Consciousness ;  
To denote the dizzy vortex  
Where my love has lately swum,  
I have diagrammed the cortex,  
Dearest, of my cerebrum.

## DAVID HERBERT LAWRENCE

Usually breaks away from the restraints of classical metres and, in his verse, as in his novels and stories, is an artist in revolt against artistic reticences. "Love Poems" (1913); "Amores" (1916); "Look! We Have Come Through" (1917); "New Poems" (1918).

### *Piano*

SOFTLY, in the dusk, a woman is singing to me ;  
Taking me back down the vista of years, till I see  
A child sitting under the piano, in the boom of the ting-  
ling strings  
And pressing the small, poised feet of a mother who  
smiles as she sings.

In spite of myself, the insidious mastery of song  
Betrays me back, till the heart of me weeps to belong  
To the old Sunday evenings at home, with winter out-  
side  
And hymns in the cosy parlour, the tinkling piano our  
guide.

So now it is vain for the singer to burst into clamour  
With the great black piano appassionato. The glamour  
Of childish days is upon me, my manhood is cast  
Down in the flood of remembrance, I weep like a child  
for the past.

## NINA FRANCES LAYARD

"Selections from Poems" (1923).

### *A Rain Sonnet*

AND all the dank hair of the hurrying rain,  
Flung backward by the wind, did stream and fly  
Across the anxious forehead of the sky,



*The Secret of the Lily Pool*

And rattling lashed my shaken window-pane  
With sudden spotted sounds, that yet again  
Sink to a lighter fingering, or die  
Into a tinkling treble by-and-by,  
Soft as the falling of wind-scattered grain,

So is my sorrow as the streaming drift,  
That from the mighty shoulders of a cloud  
Is shaken back and tangled in the blast ;  
So is my dreadful sorrow, but I lift  
A trembling hand to God and cry aloud  
That He shall make it music at the last.

*The Secret of the Lily Pool*

THE lily leaves lay flat and green ;  
They made a cover for the pool ;  
And all beneath the tender screen  
Was deep and dark and cool.

The lily bloom had gathered up  
Her petal skirt of bridal silk ;  
The blue fly lighted on her cup,  
Her cup as white as milk.

And to the pool the trees let down  
A drapery of tasselled grace ;  
But, where they met the water brown,  
They swept a dead man's face.

And every falling seed that lit  
Must throw a circle from its place ;  
The dimpled waters play with it  
About that dead man's face.

*Nina Frances Layard*

A moorhen, darting from her nest,  
Made sudden tracks from north to south ;  
The moving ripples at his breast  
Rose up and touched his mouth.

Beside the pool, where sedges grew  
And heavy rush-heads bend and sink,  
A fisher-bird of azure blue  
Peered downward to the brink.

And, leaning from her reedy bower,  
In that clear water-mirror scanned,  
She seemed a wingèd lupin flower  
Held in the dead man's hand.

And no man knew the deed was done ;  
For no man ever passed that way,  
And he was seen by only one—  
A little child at play ;

For she had wandered through the wood.  
And, oh ! she kept the secret well ;  
Her infant signs none understood—  
She had no words to tell.

Nor paled her check for pity then,  
But, when she grew to woman's case  
She said, " I know not where or when  
I saw a dead man's face."

The mother turned her head away,  
For sudden sorrow fills her eye,  
And the maiden knows not to this day  
None saw her father die.

And still the lily cups are seen,  
And, from the rushes by the shore,  
The fisher-birds of blue and green  
Hang watching as before.

## RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

There is fancy, imagination and a charm of style in "The Book Bills of Narcissus," "Prose Fancies," and the novels that helped to give Mr. Le Gallienne a large vogue in the 'nineties, but his finer work is in his poems of which a collected, and selected, edition is overdue. "English Poems" (1892); "Robert Louis Stevenson and Other Poems" (1895); "New Poems" (1910).

### *London Beautiful*

LONDON, I heard one say, no more is fair,  
London whose loveliness is everywhere,  
London so beautiful at morning light  
One half forgets how fair she is at night,  
London as beautiful at set of sun  
As though her beauty had but just begun;  
London, that mighty sob, that splendid tear,  
That jewel hanging in the great world's ear.  
Strange queen of all this grim romantic stone,  
Paris, say some, shall push you from your throne,  
And all the tumbled beauty of your dreams  
Submit to map and measure, straight cold schemes  
Which for the loveliness that comes by chance  
Shall substitute the conscious streets of France,  
A beauty made for beauty that has grown,  
An alien beauty, London, for your own.

O wistful eyes so full of mist and tears,  
Long be it ere your haunted vision clears,  
Long ere the blood of your great heart shall flow  
Through inexpressive avenue and row;  
Straight-stepping, prim, the once adventurous stream,  
Its spirit gone, it loiters not to dream,  
All straight and pretty, trees on either side,  
For London's beauty London beautified.

Ah! of your beauty change no single grace,  
My London with your sad mysterious face.

*Richard Le Gallienne*

*Christmas in Wartime*

THIS is the year that has no Christmas Day,  
Even the little children must be told  
That something sad is happening far away—  
Or, if you needs must play,  
As children must,  
Play softly, children, underneath your breath !  
For over our hearts hangs low the shadow of death,  
Those hearts to you mysteriously old,  
Grim, grown-up hearts that ponder night and day  
On the straight lists of broken-hearted dead,  
Black narrow lists no tears can wash away,  
Reading in which one cries out here and here  
And falls into a dream upon a name.  
Be happy softly, children, for a woe  
Is on us, a great woe for little fame,—  
Ah ! in the old woods leave the mistletoe,  
And leave the holly for another year,  
Its berries are too red.

And lovers, like to children, will not you  
Cease for a little from your kissing mirth,  
Thinking of other lovers that must go  
Kissed back with fire into the bosom of earth,—  
Ah ! in the old woods leave the mistletoe.  
Be happy softly, lovers, for you too  
Shall be as sad as they another year,  
And then for you the holly be berries of blood,  
And mistletoe strange berries of bitter tears.  
Ah ! lovers, leave you your beatitude,  
Give your sad eyes and ears  
To the far griefs of neighbour and of friend,  
To the great loves that find a little end,  
Long loves that in a sudden puff of fire  
With a wild thought expire.

And you, ye merchants, you that eat and cheat,  
Gold-seeking hucksters in a noble land,

### *Christmas in Wartime*

Think when you lift the wine up in your hand  
Of a fierce vintage tragically red,  
Red wine of the hearts of English soldiers dead,  
Who ran to a wild death with laughing feet—  
That we may sleep and drink and eat and cheat.  
Ah ! you brave few that fight for all the rest,  
And die with smiling faces strangely blest,  
Because you die for England—O to do  
Something again for you,  
In this great deed to have some little part ;  
To send so great a message from the heart  
Of England that one man shall be as ten,  
Hearing how England loves her Englishmen  
Ah ! think you that a single gun is fired  
We do not hear in England ? Ah ! we hear,  
And mothers go with proud and happy eyes  
That say : It is for England that he dies,  
England that does the cruel work of God,  
And gives her well-beloved to save the world  
For this is death like to a woman desired,  
For this the wine-press trod.  
And, England, when forgot this passing woe,  
Because of all your captains, strength on strength,  
Think too, when the sure end has come at length,  
Victory for England—for God means it so—  
Be strong in kindness for the little dead,  
The stubborn tribe that could not understand,  
But, child-like, fought the purposes of Time ;  
England, so strong to slay, be strong to spare  
England, have courage even to forgive,  
Give back the little nation leave to live,  
To shear its sheep and grow its lazy corn,—  
Children there are that must be whipped to grow,  
And some small children must be whipped with fire.  
And you in churches, praying this Christmas morn,  
Pray as you never prayed that this may be  
The little war that brought the great world peace ;

*Richard Le Gallienne*

Undazzled with its glorious infamy,  
O pray with all your hearts that war may cease,  
And who knows but that God may hear the prayer.  
So it may come about next Christmas Day  
That we shall hear the happy children play  
Gladly aloud, unmindful of the dead,  
And watch the lovers go  
To the old woods to find the mistletoe.  
But this year, children, if you needs must play,  
Play very softly underneath your breath ;  
Be happy softly, lovers, for great Death  
Makes England holy with sorrow this Christmas Day,—  
Yet ! in the old woods leave the mistletoe,  
And leave the holly for another year—  
Its berries are too red.

*Christmas, 1899.*

*What of the Darkness?*

WHAT of the Darkness ? Is it very fair ?  
Are there great calms and find ye silence there ?  
Like soft-shut lilies all your faces glow  
With some strange peace our faces never know,  
With some great faith our faces never dare.  
Dwells it in Darkness ? Do ye find it there ?  
Is it a Bosom where tired heads may lie ?  
Is it a Mouth to kiss our weeping dry ?  
Is it a Hand to still the pulse's leap ?  
Is it a Voice that holds the runcs of sleep ?  
Day shows us not such comfort anywhere.  
Dwells it in Darkness ? Do ye find it there ?  
Out of the Day's deceiving light we call,  
Day that shows man so great and God so small,  
That hides the stars and magnifies the grass ;  
O is the Darkness too a lying glass,  
Or, undistracted, do ye find truth there ?  
What of the Darkness ? Is it very fair ?

## RUDOLPH CHAMBERS LEHMANN

Has been for over thirty years on the staff of *Punch*, from whose pages most of his cleverest books in verse and prose have been reprinted. "Anni Fugaces" (1901); "Crumbs of Pity" (1903); "Light and Shade" (1909); "The Vagabond" (1918).

### *Crumbs of Pity*

KEEN is the morning, keen and bright,  
And all the lawn with frost is white ;  
In every bush, in every tree,  
The birds sit watching warily.  
Now out, now in, they hop and peer,  
And cock their cunning heads to hear  
The chirping of a childish voice :  
They know it well, and they rejoice  
When resolutely stepping, comes  
To scatter here her gift of crumbs,  
Her round face topped with shining curls,  
My little laughing girl of girls.  
And, O ye soft and feathered things,  
Redbreasts who flit on fearless wings,  
Familiar, friendly, boldly shy,  
Birds of the liquid, trustful eye ;  
Ye sparrows, chattering o'er your food,  
Linnets, and all the perky brood  
Of finches, blackbirds yellow-billed,  
And thrushes with your music stilled—  
Since winter's icy breath makes mute  
The swelling ripple of your flute ;  
Ye, too, ye sable suited rooks,  
Timid for all your threatening looks,  
Who in solemnity survey  
Your twittering colleagues at their play,

*Rudolph Chambers Lehmann*

When on the poplar's top you swing,  
And desperately claw and cling ;  
Then, when each bird has pecked its last,  
And all the fluttering rout is past,  
And all the chirping duly dumb,  
Swoop down, but rarely find a crumb ;—  
All ye, whose hungry bills are fed  
By Helen's daily doles of bread,  
Be not afraid, be not afraid  
To gather round my rosy maid.  
Oh, give a kindly thought to her,  
Your little friend and minister ;  
And, as you watch her, pass the word—  
" She's but a plump unfeathered bird."  
So when the day is done, and night  
Sets all the twinkling stars alight,  
You'll breathe a bird-wish as you sleep,  
That One who guards the birds may keep  
Cosy and safe from every ill,  
From winds that bite and frosts that chill,  
And through the night's long hours defend  
The birds' unfeathered little friend.

Ye sportive mice that swiftly go  
Behind the wainscot to and fro,  
And sometimes to your outlets creep  
And half pop out and take a peep,  
Alert, but ready to retreat,  
Into a world where cheese smells sweet—  
Ye quivering, twisting specks of fur  
With whisking tails and ears astir ;  
We do not grudge you of our store ;  
A little less, a little more,  
It matters not, so nibble on  
In peace, then like a flash begone.  
I cannot bear to bar the house  
To here and there a tiny mouse.



### *Crumbs of Pity*

And Helen, if she marks at all  
Your scamperings from wall to wall,  
Will smile to hear you frisk and run :  
“ It’s mousies, Daddy, having fun.”

So, Helen, ere at eve you steep  
Your busy baby-brain in sleep,  
Your mother takes you on her knee  
And whispers to you tenderly.  
You watch her lips, you clasp her hand,  
And, though you may not understand  
Each word she says or all that’s meant,  
You listen and you purr assent.  
And it may chance that on a day  
Far hence, to this your thoughts will stray,  
And in a dream you’ll seem to hear  
The words with all their meaning clear :  
Ah, then you’ll recollect and know  
What the dear voice said long ago :  
“ My sweet, be sure no gentle thought  
That from God’s love a ray has caught,  
No tender childish pity spent  
On creatures meek and innocent,  
No mercy for their lowly lot  
Is ever wasted or forgot.  
God, who gave children pity, heeds  
Such loving thoughts, such gentle deeds :  
He sets them, gold and clustering gems,  
On angels’ brows as diadems,  
And looks Himself in pity mild  
On bird, and mouse, and little child.”

## SHANE LESLIE

Editor of the *Dublin Review*, has done brilliant work as critic, novelist and biographer, and is a poet of charm and distinction. "Songs of Oriel" (1908); "Verses in Peace and War" (1915).

### *Monaghan*

MONAGHAN, mother of a thousand  
Little moulded hills :  
Set about with little rivers  
Chained to little mills.

Rich and many-pastured Monaghan :  
Mild thy meadows lie,  
Melting to the distant mountains  
On the mirrored sky.

Lovely, lowly-lying Monaghan :  
On thy little lakes  
Float and tremble lordly lilies  
Hoed by fairies' rakes.

Silvered o'er with sunshine, or by  
Night with shimmering fog :  
Where thy sloping cornland meets  
Beauteous fields of bog.

Humbly hid with heath and lichen  
Waits thy turf of old :  
While the hasty bees come hiding  
Honey thro' thy mould.

Thro' and thro' thy restless rushes  
Run a thousand rills,  
Lisping long-forgotten little  
Songs of Ireland's ills.

### *In Service*

For thy mingled chaplet, oak and  
Beechwood thou dost bind :  
Green in summer, and in winter  
Musical with wind.

W. M. LETTS

“ Songs from Leinster ” (1913) ; “ Hallow-e’en, and Other  
Poems of the War ” (1916).

### *In Service*

LITTLE Nellie Cassidy has got a place in town,  
She wears a fine white apron,  
She wears a new black gown,  
An’ the queerest little cap at all with strayers hanging  
down.

I met her one fine evening stravin’ down the street,  
A feathered hat upon her head,  
And boots upon her feet.  
“ Och, Mick,” she says, “ may God be praised that you  
and I should meet.

“ It’s lonesome in the city with such a crowd,” says she ;  
“ I’m lost without the bog-land,  
I’m lost without the sea.  
An’ the harbour an’ the fishing boats that sail out fine  
and free.

“ I’d give a golden guinea to stand upon the shore,  
To see the big waves lapping,  
To hear them splash and roar,  
To smell the tar and the drying nets, I’d not be asking  
more,

*W. M. Letts*

“ To see the small white houses, their faces to the sea.  
The children in the doorway,  
Or round my mother’s knee ;  
For I’m strange and lonesome missing them, God keep  
them all,” says she.

Little Nellie Cassidy earns fourteen pounds and more,  
Waiting on the quality,  
And answering the door—  
But her heart is some place far away upon the Wexford  
shore.

*Blessings*

IT’S what I thank God for each night,  
A little cabin that’s mine by right,  
The strength of a man for work or fight,  
And food and light.

It’s what I thank God for each day—  
A wife with never too much to say,  
A wife, a dog, and a child for play,  
For them I’d pray.

I thank God for the land I tread,  
A pipe to smoke and an easy bed,  
The thatch I made that’s over my head,  
And daily bread.

I thank God for an Irish name,  
And a son of mine to bear the same,  
My own to love me and none to blame :  
No more I’d claim.

SYLVIA LYND

"The Thrush and the Jay" (1916); "The Goldfinches"  
(1920).

*The Small Daughter*

GOD does not fail in anything,  
The ring-dove's neck, the beetle's wing,  
The buds that turn from green to gold,  
The sunny perfumes of the spring,  
The coloured patchwork of the wold,  
The blue dusk dropping fold on fold,  
And all talk talked and stories told  
In the long evenings by the fire,  
And strength and laughter and desire.

Dear, when you come to me and say  
Do this, do that, I must obey,  
Swift to interpret, to devise  
With all the gladness that I may,  
So can I face the trust that lies  
Within your wide exacting eyes  
(Your beautiful exacting eyes);  
Mending and fashioning, I know  
If you will have, it must be so.

Do not be over harsh with me  
When (empty of all subtlety,  
Stupid and ignorant and shy)  
You find my small reality.  
When on a sudden grown as high  
And how much cleverer than I!  
You put your games and nonsense by  
And find me also questioning  
And empty of all counselling.

## *Sylvia Lynd*

Ah, turn your puzzled glances then  
From the unresting ways of men,  
From tangled right and tangled wrong  
To where the brooks are loud with rain,  
To where the birds are glad with song,  
And with the world know you are young,  
And with the ageing world be strong,  
And unto God as faithful be  
As in these days you are to me.

## *The Whistling Boy*

IT is not the whistling of blackbird or wren,  
Nor yet the plump chaffinch that sings in the lane ;  
But a little starved boy that is crooked and lame,  
A little starved ruffian that hasn't a name.

He's always in want and he's always in woe,  
A load on his back and an errand to go,  
A devil to fight and he'll fight six to one,  
Or poke out a half-smothered wasp's nest for fun.

In a lapful of sorrows his infancy lay,  
The mother who bore him she soon ran away,  
His grandmother reared him in poverty cold,  
And the life of the young was the grief of the old.

Sure not from his father such happiness came,  
And not from his mother who left him in shame,  
The song of green fields, of the streams and the groves,  
The song of sweet hopes and of confident loves.

Oh, what puts that spirit of spring in his breast,  
Oh, what makes him pipe like a bird by its nest,  
Oh, what makes him whistle like blackbird or wren,  
The little lame ruffian rejected of men ?

### *The Return of the Goldfinches*

WE are much honoured by your choice  
O golden birds of silver voice,  
That in our garden you should find  
A pleasure to your mind——

The painted pear of all our trees,  
The south slope towards the gooseberries  
Where all day long the sun is warm—  
Combining use with charm.

Did the pink tulips take your eye?  
Or Breach's barn secure and high  
To guard you from some chance mishap  
Of gales through Shoreham gap?

First you were spied a flighting pair  
Flashing and fluting here and there,  
Until in stealth the nest was made  
And graciously you stayed.

Now when I pause beneath your tree  
An anxious head peeps down at me,  
A crimson jewel in its crown,  
I looking up, you down:—

I wonder if my stripey shawl  
Seems pleasant to your eyes at all,  
I can assure you that your wings  
Are most delightful things.

Sweet birds, I pray, be not severe,  
Do not deplore our presence here,  
We cannot all be goldfinches  
In such a world as this.

*Sylvia Lynd*

The shaded lawn, the bordered flowers,  
We'll call them yours instead of ours,  
The pinks and the acacia tree  
Shall own your sovereignty.

And, if you let us, we will prove  
Our lowly and obsequious love,  
And when your little grey-pates hatch  
We'll help you to keep watch.

No prowling stranger cats shall come  
About your high celestial home,  
With dangerous sounds we'll chase them hence  
And ask no recompense.

And he, the Ethiop of our house,  
Slayer of beetle and of mouse,  
Hugh, lazy, fond, whom we love well—  
Peter shall wear a bell.

Believe me, birds, you need not fear,  
No cages or limed twigs are here,  
We only ask to live with you  
In this green garden, too.

And when in other shining summers  
Our place is taken by new-comers,  
We'll leave them with the house and hill  
The goldfinches' good will.

Your dainty flights, your painted coats,  
The silver mist that is your notes  
And all your sweet caressing ways  
Shall decorate their days.



*The Fountain-Springs*

And never will the thought of spring  
Visit our minds, but a gold wing  
Will flash among the green and blue,  
And we'll remember you.

SIDNEY ROYSE LYSAGHT

"Poems of the Unknown Way" (1901); "Horizons and  
Landmarks" (1911).

*The Fountain-Springs*

WERE they not memories of things known before,  
Not the strange vision of an unknown shore,  
That met us when in childhood we began  
To look upon our dwelling-place, and ran  
Fearless to meet our fortune; when our eyes  
Saw life with wonder, but without surprise;  
When, though newcomers, no strange note we heard  
In voice of wind or rain or song of bird;  
And looking on the hills and trees and flowers  
We loved, and without question made them ours;  
And trusted the dumb creature and the hand  
That guided us, nor sought to understand?  
Were they not greetings of things old and dear,—  
Not the strange voices of an alien sphere,—  
That greeted us and linked us, with a bond  
Of speech familiar, to some home beyond?  
We were a part of all that we beheld  
In those young days; it was our joy that welled  
Into the sunshine with the mountain rill,  
Our heart that in the rose's heart lay still,  
Our wings that held the sea-bird o'er the foam,  
Our feet that brought the wandering outcast home.  
Earth had no secret that we could not share,  
For everything we saw and loved we were.

*Sidney Royse Lysaght*

Not when defenceless on the earth we stood  
In childhood doubted we that life was good  
Not when we made our feast of everything  
Could we distrust the hidden fountain-spring.  
But when the years began to separate  
From Life our lives, when all that once seemed great  
In heaven and earth, all wonder and delight  
Were narrowed to the measure of our sight ;  
When knowledge of the suffering and wrong  
That nature dealt the weak to serve the strong,  
When records of man's greed and lust and pride  
Defaced life's beauty and its hope belied,—  
How had we then that mockery withstood,  
Or trusted that the source of life was good,  
Had not the memory of its old caress  
Reproached our hearts in their unfaithfulness ;  
Had we not once beheld a face so sweet  
It could not but express a heart that beat  
For us, and knew what waited us, the while  
It viewed us from the darkness with its smile ;  
Had we not known those vanished hours that wove  
Of homely human bonds immortal love ;  
Of flowers and stars and woods and mountain streams,  
And things that die, imperishable dreams ?

*A Psalm : Sit Nobis templum*

OURS be the church not built with hands,  
Whose corners are the seas and lands ;  
Whose windows are the night and day,  
The rose of dawn, the evening gray ;  
Whose pillars soar through azure space  
To shadowy heights, and interlace  
In songs that, past the silver bars  
Of moonlight, mingle with the stars.  
The mountains shall our altars raise ;  
Our cloisters hide in woodland ways ;

### *The Losers*

And, in the rocks, each crystal rill  
Our founts of Holy water fill.  
Processions of the years and hours  
Shall ever move beneath its towers ;  
And down its echoing isles shall sweep  
Eternal anthems of the deep.  
But gleams shall evermore be shown  
Through distant doors of paths unknown,  
And round its walls shall evermore  
Come whispers of an unknown shore.

Be it our ritual to read  
In Life our Faith, in Truth our Creed.  
Let fear its graven tablets break,  
And Love our ten commandments make.  
Let us, when heaven no light imparts,  
Our gospel seek in human hearts :  
Our hymn of praise on children's lips ;  
In Beauty, our Apocalypse.  
And let the burdens all must bear  
In silence, be our common prayer ;  
Let every flower that cleaves the sod  
Become to us a word of God ;  
And, lifting Heavenward Life's intent,  
Love be, itself, our Sacrament.

### ROSE MACAULAY

Had written several admirable novels, romantic or domestic, before she began to write the witty and satirical novels that have made her popular. Her poems are in "The Two Blind Countries" (1914) and "Three Days" (1919).

### *The Losers*

THE soft dust on the by-roads  
Is shaken and stirred

*Rose Macaulay*

By the shuffling feet of a listless folk,  
But no sound is heard,  
For they slouch along, a tired trail,  
With never a song or word.

The days they walked the high road,  
With its sun, dust, and sweat,  
Its hope and its pride, are a dim dream  
That they will soon forget.  
All for the fields of slumber  
Their feet are set.

But, as they slouch on drowsily,  
They shall quiet joys find—  
Boots without heels, jars without jam,  
And gnawed cheese-rind,  
And pilchard-tins, with one or two  
Fish-tails left behind.

And glad they are to have left climbing  
The difficult way—  
Glad no more to sweat and strive,  
No more obey ;  
Yea, all but glad the goal was not  
For such as they.

(Lost souls, they say, from Michael's gate  
Turn back in suchwise.  
Forgetful of the ecstasy  
Of the strange, steep skies,  
Down popped paths to the silent lands  
They slope, with blind eyes.)

Peace waits to take them utterly  
For a little space ;  
They must go shambling down the hill  
To the dim, still place,

### *Apologia*

Where, stretched at ease, they shall forget  
They have run and lost a race.

\* \* \* \* \*

The gray dust on the by-roads  
Is shuffled and blurred  
By the dragging feet of beaten men,  
And a quiet sound is heard—  
A drawing of slow breath, as if  
A thousand sleepers stirred.

### RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE

Doctor of medicine, and author of "The Romance of Medicine," "Science, Matter and Immortality," and kindred works; but began as a poet, and has returned to poetry in his later books. "Granite Dust" (1892); "New Poems" (1904); "War" (1918); "Odes and Other Poems" (1919).

### *Worship*

WORK is devout, and service is divine.  
Who stoops to scrub a floor  
May worship more  
Than he who kneels before a holy shrine;  
Who crushes stubborn ore  
More worthily adore  
Than he who crushes sacramental wine.

### *Apologia*

(To A. H. L.)

O FRIEND, and is my life unjust  
Because I do not seek renown,  
Nor love the hot arena-dust,  
Nor toil to win an olive crown,

*Ronald Campbell Macfie*

But rather for a time would hide  
Deep in a vale of Thessaly,  
And watch the cool Penéus glide  
Atween its laurels to the sea ?

My waiting is not wholly weak,  
Nor is my idle dreaming wrong,  
For lo ! the only crowns I seek  
Are inspiration for my song,

And love, to garner and to give,  
And joy, to harvest and to sow,  
And health, that I may largely live,  
Missing no boon the gods bestow.

And heat and haste will help me not,  
Nor days of toil, and nights of care,  
But idle dream, and vagrant thought,  
And sunny sky, and fragrant air.

O brave, strong friend, who cannot rest,  
Who dare not dream, who will not wait,  
What man can know what life is best ?  
The Best is the Predestinate—

The life we feel the gods desire,  
The fate they urge us to fulfil :  
Suffice it, if we both aspire  
To work with the Almighty Will,

Whether it lead us forth to sing  
In Tempe's vale a gentle note,  
Or writhe in the arena-ring  
With cruel thumbs upon our throat.

Whether by patience or by strife  
Thus only can our spirits climb  
From Death into Immortal Life,  
From Now into Eternal Time.

## *Apologia*

Thus only can we guard and save  
Our soul's divine integrity,  
Else are we broken like a wave  
Torn by a tempest from the sea.

And even tho' we win success,  
We lose all saving self-control,  
Unable even to possess  
A fickle, fragmentary soul.

Friend, though we differ here and there,  
Yet have we bonds of brotherhood—  
A common love of all things fair,  
A common reverence for the Good.

And fain are we that Knowledge be  
No daughter of the gods above,  
But sister of sweet Sympathy,  
And handmaid in the courts of Love.

Lo, to the gods I give my will,  
And by my "dæmon" am I led.  
Why should you rack and prune me still  
To fit a hard Procrustes' bed?

Altho', perchance, I find delight  
In other lesser joys than you,  
Yet haply *both* our lives are right,  
If we to our own selves are true.

Each man a separate life must lead,  
Each soul a separate path must wend :  
Content am I if I succeed  
In sometimes meeting with a Friend.

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

Canadian poet. "Between the Lights" (1904); "Fires of Driftwood" (1922).

*Wet Weather*

IT is the English in me that loves the soft, wet weather—  
The cloud upon the mountain, the mist upon the  
sea,  
The sea-gull flying low and near with rain upon each  
feather,  
The scent of deep, green woodlands where the buds  
are breaking free.

A world all hot with sunshine, with a hot, white sky  
above it—  
Oh then I feel an alien in a land I'd call my own;  
The rain is like a friend's caress, I lean to it and love  
it,  
'Tis like a finger on a nerve that thrills for it alone.

Is it the secret kinship which each new life is given  
To link it by an age-long chain to those whose lives  
are through,  
That wheresoever he may go, by fate or fancy driven  
The home-star rises in his heart to keep the compass  
true?

Ah, 'tis the English in me that loves the soft, grey  
weather—  
The little mists that trail along like bits of wind-flung  
foam,  
The primrose and the violet—all wet and sweet together,  
And the sound of water calling, as it used to call at  
home.



### *Inheritance*

THERE lived a man who raised his hand and said,  
“ I will be great,”  
And through a long, long life he bravely knocked  
At Fame’s closed gate.

A son he left who, like his sire, strove  
High place to win ;—  
Worn out he died, and dying left no trace  
That he had been.

He also left a son, who, without care  
Or planning how,  
Bore the fair letters of a deathless fame  
Upon his brow.

“ Behold a genius filled with fire divine ! ”  
The people cried  
Not knowing that to make him what he was  
Two men had died.

### *For One Who Went in Spring*

SHE did not go, as others do,  
With backward look and beckoning ;  
With no farewell for anything  
She passed the open doorway through.

The little things she left behind  
Lie where they fell from hands content—  
Fame a forgotten incident  
And life a season out of mind.

The spring will find her footstep gone,  
But spring is kind to vanished things,  
Camas and buttercups she brings  
With green that tears have brightened on.

*James A. Mackereth*

And we, who walked with her last year  
While April in the lilacs stirred,  
Will turn with sudden look or word—  
Forgetting that she is not here.

JAMES A. MACKERETH

“ In Grasmere Vale ” (1907) ; “ A Son of Cain ” (1910) ;  
“ In the Wake of the Phœnix ” (1912) ; “ Iolaus ” (1913) ;  
“ On the Face of a Star ” (1913) ; “ The Red, Red Dawn ”  
(1917) ; “ The Death of Cleopatra ” (1920).

*To a Blackbird on New Year's Day*

HAIL, truant with song-troubled breast,—  
Thou welcome and bewildering guest !  
Blithe troubadour, whose laughing note  
Brings spring into a poet's throat,—  
Flute, feathered joy ! thy painted bill  
Foretells the daffodil.

Enchanter, 'gainst the evening star  
Singing to worlds where dreamers are,  
That makes upon the leafless bough  
A solitary vernal vow,—  
Sing, lyric soul ! within thy song  
The love that lures the rose along !

The snowdrop, hearing, in the dell  
Doth tremble for its virgin bell ;  
The crocus feels within its frame  
The magic of its folded flame ;  
And many a listening rapture lies  
And pushes towards its paradise.

*Moonrise at Grasmere Once More*

Young love again on golden gales  
Scents hawthorn blown down happy dales ;  
The phantom cuckoo calls forlorn  
From limits of the haunted morn ;—  
Sing, elfin heart ! thy notes to me  
Are bells that ring in Faëry !

Again the world is young, is young,  
And silence takes a silver tongue ;  
The echoes catch the jocund mood  
Of laughing children in the wood ;  
Blithe April trips in winter's way,  
And nature, wondering, dreams of May.

Sing on, thou dusky fount of light !  
God love thee for a merry sprite !  
Sing on ! for though the sun be coy,  
I sense with thee a budding joy,  
And all my heart with ranging rhyme  
Is poet for the prime !

*Moonrise at Grasmere Once More*

THE breath of the firwood comes faintly :  
A melody trembles, and goes :  
Dimly a dreaming cypress tree  
Sways to a dreaming rose :  
The mists steal into the garden, and the great moon grows.  
A lattice clinks in the gloaming,  
And shuts with a shudder of stars.  
Lonesomely, drowsily roaming  
The melody's drifting bars  
Commingle with the hushings of the dusky deodars.  
No step through the night cometh :  
The lake water in sleep  
Lisps to its reeds ; and hummeth  
A torrent's muffled leap  
Far in the mountains lonely where the dark lies deep.

*James A. Mackereth*

Scents in the dew-moist meadows,  
Starlight, and lilied shore,  
Waters that far in the stillness  
Croon of enchanted lore,  
You whisper of joys that no moonrise will wake for me more.

You are steeped in the mystery of passion,  
Are mild with the meaning of pain.  
I have homed to this dream-haunted water  
From years that were vain :  
Oh ! poignant with raptures departed these wonders that  
wane.

Loved loss, in soft melody sighing  
With so ghostly, so magic a tone !  
Ah, my youth !—in mooned meadows replying,  
Where I linger alone,  
Sweetly mute, with deep memories unspoken, as a moss-  
fondled stone.

The lyric has died into silence.  
Lone, dreaming, the larch-feathered hills  
Lie glassed in the dream of the water.  
Like shy thoughts creep the rills  
Through the grave woods ; and, soothing to slumber,  
comes the drone of the ghylls.

From the tower floats the murmur of midnight :  
Enchanted on mountainous ground  
Brambled coppices hanging in heaven  
Entangle the sound,  
And faint bells on the dream-hills of faery seem tolling  
around.

An owl in the firwood is hooting ;  
It breaks not the spell of repose :  
A lost mountain echo is fluting :  
Like a dream-voice it goes.  
Misty shcen's on the mere and the meadow, and the  
moon's on the rose.

RACHEL SWETE MACNAMARA

Novelist and poet. "The Little Book of Dew" (1919).

*"Love Summer Sits at Her Wheel of June"*

LOVE SUMMER sits at her wheel of June,  
And spins her cloth of rose,  
And the murmur of that turning wheel  
For ever comes and goes,  
Like hum of bees, and sigh of breeze,  
And little leaves whisp'ring in the trees!

'Tis spun with threads of gossamer  
White butterflies have brought,  
With clematis and lavender  
And wild-rose petals wrought,  
And dragonflies, of curious dyes  
And peacock's blue and emerald eyes.

Moon-daisies and forget-me-not  
And little trembling-grass  
And "books of dew" with rosy leaves  
Into the fabric pass,  
And mosses old, with cups of gold,  
And poppies sleeping fold on fold.

Blossom of lime and honey-flower  
Upon it shake their scent,  
And May-lilies and mignonette  
With meadow-sweet are blent:  
'Tis thickly spread with petals shed  
Of fair carnations, white and red.

But when Love Summer takes her robe  
And wraps the world therein,  
And to the outposts of the earth  
Its thousand perfumes win,  
Tho' breezes come, and bees still hum,  
The spinning-wheel of June is dumb.

## JOHN MASEFIELD

In an early poem, consecrated his gift to the quest for beauty, and claimed as his kingdom "the dirt and the dross, the dust and scum of the earth"; and is true to that quest in his realistic, sometimes squalidly realistic, narrative poems, as in his ballads and lyrics of the sea and the metaphysical philosophy of the "Lollington Downs" sonnet sequence. Came to poetry after he had been a sailor, tramp, bar-tender in America, and those experiences are writ large in his poems and stories. Except for "Nan," he has gone more to history and romance for his plays. "Salt Water Ballads," "The Everlasting Mercy," "The Widow in the Bye-Street," etc., are included in his "Collected Poems" (1924).

### *Sea-Fever*

I MUST down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and  
the sky,  
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,  
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white  
sail's shaking,  
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn  
breaking.

I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running  
tide  
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;  
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,  
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-  
gulls crying.

I must down to the seas again, to the vagrant gipsy life,  
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's  
like a whetted knife;  
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-  
rover,  
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's  
over.

## *Beauty*

I HAVE seen dawn and sunset on moors and windy  
hills  
Coming in solemn beauty like slow old tunes of Spain :  
I have seen the lady April bringing the daffodils,  
Bringing the springing grass and the soft warm April  
rain.

I have heard the song of the blossoms and the old chant  
of the sea,  
And seen strange lands from under the arched white  
sails of ships ;  
But the loveliest things of beauty God ever has showed  
to me,  
Are her voice, and her hair, and eyes, and the dear red  
curve of her lips.

### *From " Lollingdon Downs "*

HERE in the self is all that man can know  
Of Beauty, all the wonder, all the power,  
All the unearthly colour, all the glow,  
Here in the self which withers like a flower ;  
Here in the self which fades as hours pass,  
And droops and dies and rots and is forgotten  
Sooner, by ages, than the mirroring glass  
In which it sees its glory still unrotten.  
Here in the flesh, within the flesh, behind,  
Swift in the blood and throbbing on the bone,  
Beauty herself, the universal mind,  
Eternal April wandering alone ;  
The God, the holy Ghost, the atoning Lord,  
Here in the flesh, the never yet explored.

Flesh, I have knocked at many a dusty door,  
Gone down full many a windy midnight lane,  
Probed in old walls and felt along the floor,  
Pressed in blind hope the lighted window-pane.

*John Masefield*

But useless all, though sometimes when the moon  
Was full in heaven and the sea was full,  
Along my body's alleys came a tune  
Played in the tavern by the Beautiful.  
Then for an instant I have felt at point  
To find and seize her, whosoe'er she be,  
Whether some saint whose glory doth anoint  
Those whom she loves, or but a part of me,  
Or something that the things not understood  
Make for their uses out of flesh and blood.

But all has passed, the tune has died away,  
The glamour gone, the glory ; is it chance ?  
Is the unfeeling mud stabbed by a ray  
Cast by an unseen splendour's great advance ?  
Or does the glory gather crumb by crumb  
Unseen, within, as coral islands rise,  
Till suddenly the apparitions come  
Above the surface, looking at the skies ?  
Or does sweet Beauty dwell in lovely things  
Scattering the holy hintings of her name  
In women, in dear friends, in flowers, in springs,  
In the brook's voice, for us to catch the same ?  
Or is it we who are Beauty, we who ask ?  
We by whose gleams the world fulfils its task.

*From " The Widow in the Bye-Street "*

SHE tottered home, back to the little room.  
It was all over for her, but for life ;  
She drew the blinds, and trembled in the gloom ;  
" I sat here thus when I was wedded wife ;  
Sorrow sometimes, and joy ; but always strife.  
Struggle to live except just at the last,  
O God, I thank Thee for the mercies past.



*From "The Widow in the Bye-Street"*

Harry, my man, when we were courting ; eh . .  
The April morning up the Cony-gree.  
How grand he looked upon our wedding day.  
'I wish we'd had the bells,' he said to me ;  
And we'd the moon that evening, I and he,  
And dew come wet, oh, I remember how,  
And we come home to where I'm sitting now.

And he lay dead here, and his son was born here ;  
He never saw his son, his little Jim.  
And now I'm all alone here, left to mourn here,  
And there are all his clothes, but never him.  
He's down under the prison in the dim,  
With quicklime working on him to the bone,  
The flesh I made with many and many a groan.

And then he ran so, he was strong at running,  
Always a strong one, like his dad at that.  
In summertimes I done my sewing sunning,  
And he'd be sprawling, playing with the cat.  
And neighbours brought their knitting out to chat  
Till five o'clock ; he had his tea at five ;  
How sweet life was when Jimmy was alive."

And sometimes she will walk the cindery mile,  
Singing, as she and Jimmy used to do,  
Singing "The parson's dog lep over a stile,"  
Along the path where water lilies grew.  
The stars are placid on the evening's blue,  
Burning like eyes so calm, so unafraid.  
On all that God has given and man has made.

Burning they watch, and mothlike owls come out,  
The redbreast warbles shrilly once and stops ;  
The homing cowman gives his dog a shout,  
The lamps are lighted in the village shops.  
Silence ; the last bird passes ; in the copse  
The hazels cross the moon, a nightjar spins,  
Dew wets the grass, the nightingale begins.

*John Masefield*

Singing her crazy song the mother goes,  
Singing as though her heart were full of peace,  
Moths knock the petals from the dropping rose,  
Stars make the glimmering pool a golden fleece,  
The moon droops west, but still she does not cease,  
The little mice peep out to hear her sing,  
Until the inn-man's cockerel shakes his wing.

And in the sunny dawns of hot Julys,  
The labourers going to meadow see her there.  
Rubbing the sleep out of their heavy eyes,  
They lean upon the parapet to stare ;  
They see her plaiting basil in her hair,  
Basil, the dark red wound-wort, cops of clover,  
The blue self-heal and golden Jacks of Dover.

Dully they watch her, then they turn to go  
To that high Shropshire upland of late hay.  
Her singing lingers with them as they mow,  
And many times they try it, now grave, now gay,  
Till, with full throat, over the hills away,  
They lift it clear ; oh, very clear it towers  
Mixed with the swish of many falling flowers.















